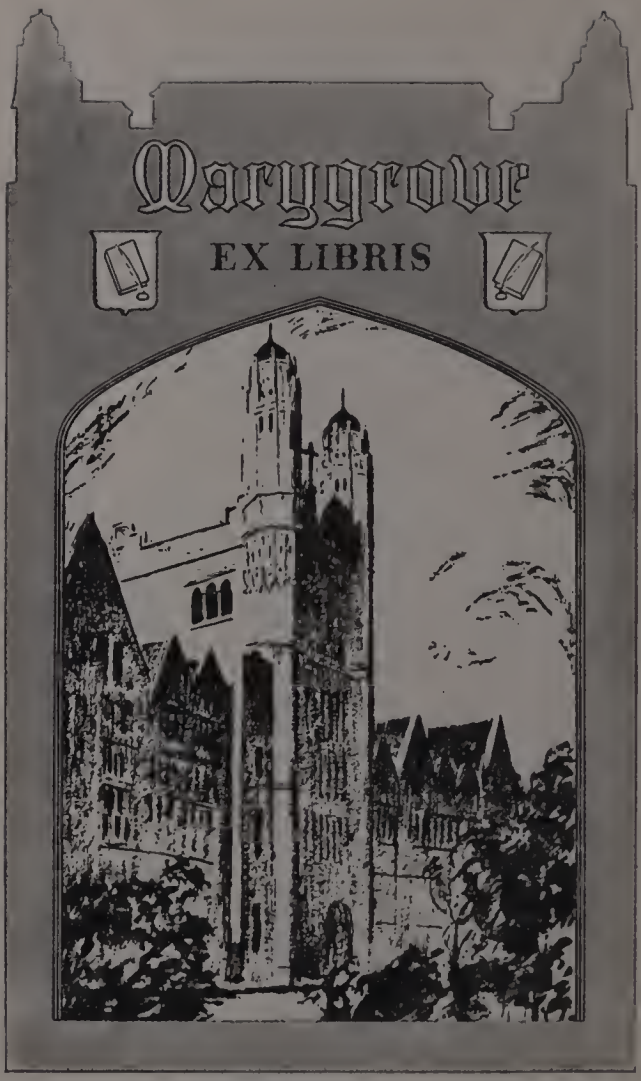
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THE BOOK
OF
FRIENDSHIP VERSE

THE BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP VERSE

WITH SELECTED PROSE PASSAGES AND QUOTATIONS

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
JOSEPH MORRIS
AND
ST. CLAIR ADAMS

COMPILERS OF "IT CAN BE DONE," "SONGS FOR FISHERMEN," "FACING FORWARD," "THE BOOK OF BABY VERSE," "THE BOOK OF MOTHER VERSE," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK
GEORGE SULLY & COMPANY

of a few months or of a few years. It is a flame, brilliant and incomparable, but destined to burn less intensely. Friendship, on the contrary, is a quiet, steady glow. The years do not abate it. It abides. Nor in the feeling it establishes between man and man, or between woman and woman, can there be any element of selfishness. Friendship is peculiarly *un*selfish; it abnegates, sacrifices self. To be sure, in giving away it gains another self—a self whereby, as has often been said, it doubles its joys and divides its sorrows. But gain is not its essence or its motive. It looks to no such rewards as exultant love wishes and dreams. Except for its inner recompense, it remains, like virtue, unguerdoned. The qualities it builds on are meekness, loyalty, perseverance. But these qualities are among the most admirable that humankind has evolved. Therefore will the world always cherish the stories of such friendships as those of Damon and Pythias, of David and Jonathan.

This volume may be used as a gift book wherever true fraternal fellowship is known. Its editors will be disappointed if it does not foster as well as express such fellowship—if it does not help in some slight measure to preserve that ideal of friendship which is part of our racial heritage.

With a spirit worthy of the subject treated, many authors and publishers by permitting the reproduction of copyright material have done much to make this volume possible.

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THE BOOK
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FRIENDSHIP VERSE

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"HULLO!"

W'EN you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
"How's the world a usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;

Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift your horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en you leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say "hullo."

Sam Walter Foss.

From "Back Country Poems,"
Copyright, 1895,
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

MY OLD FRIEND

YOU'VE a manner all so mellow,
My old friend,
That it cheers and warms a fellow,
My old friend,
Just to meet and greet you, and
Feel the pressure of a hand
That one may understand,
My old friend.

Though dimmed in youthful splendor,
My old friend,
Your smiles are still as tender,
My old friend,

And your eyes as true a blue
As your childhood ever knew,
And your laugh as merry, too,
My old friend.

For though your hair is faded,
My old friend,
And your step a trifle jaded,
My old friend,
Old Time, with all his lures
In the trophies he secures,
Leaves young that heart of yours,
My old friend.

And so it is you cheer me,
My old friend,
For to know you and be near you,
My old friend,
Makes my hopes of clearer light,
And my faith of surer sight,
And my soul a purer white,
My old friend.

James Whitcomb Riley.

From the Biographical Edition
Of the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley,
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TO ANY FRIEND

IF I may call you friend, I wish you this—
No gentle destiny throughout the years;
No soft content, or ease, or unearned bliss
Bereft of heartache where no sorrow nears,

But rather rugged trouble for a mate
To mold your soul against the coming blight,
To train you for the ruthless whip of fate
And build your heart up for the bitter fight.

If I may call you friend, I wish you more—
A rare philosophy no man may fake,
To put the game itself beyond the score
And take the tide of life as it may break;
To know the struggle that a man should know
Before he comes through with the winning hit,
And, though you slip before the charging foe,
To love the game too well to ever quit.

If I may call you friend, I wish this, too,
As you grope blindly out the narrow beat,
That you may have one old-time dream come true,
Which is one more that most men ever meet;
That you will hold this as a worthy prize
For all the traps with which the course was lined,
Not scorning it with too ambitious eyes
That look for something you can never find.

Grantland Rice.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Sportlight."

A WAYFARING SONG

O WHO will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free

And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

Henry van Dyke.

From "The Poems of Henry van Dyke,"
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Charles Scribner's Sons.

A FRIEND'S GREETING

I'D like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me;
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be;
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way.

I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for
you,
To brush the gray from out your skies and leave them only
blue;
I'd like to say the kindly things that I so oft have heard,
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine
you've stirred.

I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me,
Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.

I'm wishing at this Christmas time that I could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way;
And could I have one wish this year, this only it would be:
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me.

Edgar A. Guest.

From "A Heap o' Livin',"
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The Reilly & Lee Co.

THE BELIEVER

A SONG to the man who says, "Old chap,
Your time is coming some day;
Just keep on hoping and doing your best,
For that is the only way!"
Mayhap he is talking straight through his hat,
Mayhap his words are not true,
But, nevertheless, a health to the chap
Who says he believes in you!

Knockers are numerous nowadays,
And flatterers seek their own ends;
You scorn the first, and the second, you know,
Are nothing but fair-weather friends.
But the man who helps is the man who sticks,
It matters not what you may do;
He doesn't talk much, but when you lose hope,
He says, "I believe in you!"

When the last race is run and you've won—or lost,
He shares your triumph or pain,
He presses your hand—or steadies it while
The Cup of Defeat you drain.
And when the End comes, I know there's a place
Reserved with the Favored Few
In Paradise, where he will get his reward—
The Man Who Believes in You!

Everard Jack Appleton.

From "The Quiet Courage,"
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OUR TWO OPINIONS

US two wuz boys when we fell out,—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 't wuz about,
Some small deeff'rence, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Grew up together 'nd would n't speak,
  Courted sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too;
'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,
  A-hatin' each other through 'nd through!
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
  F'r soldiers, we answered,—me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
  'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

But down in Tennessee one night
  Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther' 'd be a fight
  With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day;
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
  Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
  'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
  Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him;
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
  But never a word from me or Jim!
He went *his* way 'nd *I* went *mine*,
  'Nd into the battle's roar went we,—
I havin' *my* opinyin uv Jim,
  'Nd *he* havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*.

Jim never come back from the war again,
  But I hain't forgot that last, last night
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
  Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.

'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
That here *I* be 'nd yonder's Jim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Eugene Field.

From "Poems of Eugene Field,"
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THE LIVING EPITAPH

WHEN I pass out and my time is spent,
I hope for no lofty monument,
No splendid procession marching slow,
Along the last long road I go;
No pomp and glory I care for then,
When I depart from the world of men.

But I'd like to think when my race is through
That there will be in the world a few
Who'll say, "Well, there is a good man gone,
I'm sorry to see him passing on,
For he was a sort that's fair and square,
The kind of fellow it's hard to spare.

"He hadn't money, he hadn't fame,
But he kept the rules and he played the game,
His eyes were true and his laugh was clear,
He held his truth and his honor dear.
And now that his work is at an end,
I know how much I shall miss my friend."

If my life shall earn such words as those
I shall smile in peace as my eyelids close,
I shall rest in quiet and lie content,
With the words of a friend for my monument.

Berton Braley.

From "Songs of a Workaday World,"
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George H. Doran Company.

GREETINGS FOR TWO

KNOWED him more 'n twenty year',
Liked him through an' through;
Him an' me was neighbors here
When th' land was new.
He druv' past here every day,
Wave' his hand jes' so;
Then he'd holler, "Howdy!" an'
I'd holler back, "Hello!"

I'd be workin' in th' field,
He'd be off to town;
An' I'd hear that rattle-wheeled
Buggy comin' down;
I'd look up from hoein' corn,
An' I'd see him go;
Then he'd holler, "Howdy!" an'
I'd holler back, "Hello!"

Never was no other talk
Had by him an' me;
See him go by, trot er walk,
Wave—an' let him be.

Alwus knowed when I looked up
  Jest how it 'u'd go:
He 'u'd holler, "Howdy!" an'
  I'd holler back, "Hello!"

Say, I call *that* neighborin'
  In th' proper way;
Ain't no kith o' mine er kin
  Fur as I kin say;
Alwus friendly, cheery-like,
  Sunshine, rain, er snow,
He jest hollers, "Howdy!" an'
  I holler back, "Hello!"

He 'ten's to his own affairs,
  An' I 'ten' t' mine;
He don't put on any airs,
  I don't cut no shine;
Weather bad er weather fair,
  Drivin' fast er slow,
He jest hollers, "Howdy!" an'
  I holler back, "Hello!"

That's th' way we started out
  When we settled here;
Like t' keep it up about
  'Nother twenty year',
Look—out yonder in the road—
  There! Now see him go!
Soon he'll holler, "Howdy!" an'
  I'll holler back, "Hello!"

James W. Foley.

From "Tales of the Trail,"
E. P. Dutton & Co.

FRIENDSHIP

DEAR friend, I pray thee, if thou wouldst be proving
Thy strong regard for me,
Make me no vows. Lip-service is not loving;
Let thy faith speak for thee.

Swear not to me that nothing can divide us—
So little such oaths mean.
But when distrust and envy creep beside us,
Let them not come between.

Say not to me the depths of thy devotion
Are deeper than the sea;
But watch, lest doubt or some unkind emotion
Embitter them for thee.

Vow not to love me ever and forever,
Words are such idle things;
But when we differ in opinions, never
Hurt me by little stings.

I'm sick of words: they are so lightly spoken,
And spoken, are but air.
I'd rather feel thy trust in me unbroken
Than list thy words so fair.

If all the little proofs of trust are heeded,
If thou art always kind,
No sacrifice, no promise will be needed
To satisfy my mind.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

From "Maurine and Other Poems,"
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

BILL'S TENOR AND MY BASS

BILL was short and dapper, while I was thin and tall;
I had flowin' whiskers, but Bill had none at all;
Clothes would never seem to set so nice on *me* as *him*,—
Folks used to laugh, and say I was too powerful slim,—
But Bill's clothes fit him like the paper on the wall;
And we were the sparkin'est beaus in all the place
When Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

Cyrus Baker's oldest girl was member of the choir,—
Eyes as black as Kelsey's cat, and cheeks as red as fire!
She had the best sopranner voice I think I ever heard,—
Sung "Coronation," "Burlington," and "Chiny" like a bird;
Never done better than with Bill a-standin' nigh 'er,
A-holdin' of her hymn-book so she would n't lose the place,
When Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

Then there was Prudence Hubbard, so cozy-like and fat,—
She sung alto, and wore a pee-wee hat;
Beaued her around one winter, and, first thing I knew,
One evenin' on the portico I up and called her "Prue"!
But, sakes alive! she didn't mind a little thing like that;
On all the works of Providence she set a cheerful face
When Bill was singin' tenor and I was singin' bass.

Bill, nevermore we two shall share the fun we used to then,
Nor know the comfort and the peace we had together when
We lived in Massachusetts in the good old courtin' days,
And lifted up our voices in psalms and hymns of praise.

Oh, how I wisht that I could live them happy times again!
For life, as we boys knew it, had a sweet, peculiar grace
When you was singin' tenor and I was singin' bass.

The music folks have nowadays ain't what it used to be,
Because there ain't no singers now on earth like Bill and me.
Why, Lemuel Bangs, who used to go to Springfield twice a year,
Admitted that for singin' Bill and me had not a peer
When Bill went soarin' up to A and I dropped down to D!
The old bull-fiddle Beza Dimmitt played war n't in the race
'Longside of Bill's high tenor and my sonorious bass.

Bill moved to Californy in the spring of '54,
And we folks that used to know him never knew him any more;
Then Cyrus Baker's oldest girl, she kind o' pined a spell,
And, hankerin' after sympathy, it naterally befell
That she married Deacon Pitkin's boy, who kep' the general store;
And so the years, the changeful years, have rattled on apace
Since Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

As I was settin' by the stove this evenin' after tea,
I noticed wife kep' hitchin' close and closer up to me;
And as she patched the gingham frock our gran'child wore to-day,
I heerd her gin a sigh that seemed to come from fur away.

Could n't help inquirin' what the trouble might be;
"Was thinkin' of the time," says Prue, a-breshin' at her face,
"When Bill sung tenor and you sung bass."

Eugene Field.

From "Poems of Eugene Field,"
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Charles Scribner's Sons.

OLD FRIENDS

I DO not say new friends are not considerate and true,
Or that their smiles ain't genuine, but still I'm tellin' you
That when a feller's heart is crushed and achin' with the pain,
And teardrops come a-splashin' down his cheeks like summer rain,
Becoz his grief an' loneliness are more than he can bear,
Somehow it's only old friends, then, that really seem to care.
The friends who've stuck through thick an' thin, who've known you, good an' bad,
Your faults an' virtues, an' have seen the struggles you have had,
When they come to you gentle-like an' take your hand an' say:
"Cheer up! we're with you still," it counts, for that's the old friends' way.

The new friends may be fond of you for what you are today;
They've only known you rich, perhaps, an' only seen you gay;

You can't tell what's attracted them; your station may
appeal;
Perhaps they smile on you because you're doin' something
real;
But old friends who have seen you fail, an' also seen you
win,
Who've loved you either up or down, stuck to you, thick or
thin,
Who knew you as a budding youth, an' watched you start to
climb,
Through weal an' woe, still friends of yours an' constant
all the time,
When trouble comes an' things go wrong, I don't care what
you say,
They are the friends you'll turn to, for you want the old
friends' way.

The new friends may be richer, an' more stylish, too, but
when
Your heart is achin' an' you think your sun won't shine
again,
It's not the riches of new friends you want, it's not their
style,
It's not the airs of grandeur then, it's just the old friend's
smile,
The old hand that has helped before, stretched out once
more to you,
The old words ringin' in your ears, so sweet an', Oh, so
true!
The tenderness of folks who know just what your sorrow
means,

These are the things on which, somehow, your spirits always leans.
When grief is poundin' at your breast—the new friends disappear
An' to the old ones tried an' true, you turn for aid an' cheer.

Edgar A. Guest.

From "A Heap o' Livin'," Copyright, 1916, The Reilly & Lee Co.

FROM THE HIGHWAY

FOR a gift—the grip of your hand,
A word that may cheer or guide;
A friendly hail from the band,
Godspeed where the trails divide;
Then on through the sun and rain,
Then on through the wind and snow;
What is there else to gain?
What is there left to know?

For a gift—your smile through the gray
Dim dusk of the rover's heather;
"Good luck"—that you call my way,
Or a friendly beaker together;
Then on through the wind and snow,
Then on through the sun and rain;
What is there else to know?
What is there left to gain?

Grantland Rice.

Permission of the Author. From "The Sportlight."

REACH YOUR HAND TO ME

REACH your hand to me, my friend,
With its heartiest caress—
Sometime there will come an end
To its present faithfulness—
Sometime I may ask in vain
For the touch of it again,
When between us land or sea
Holds it ever back from me.

Sometime I may need it so,
Groping somewhere in the night,
It will seem to me as though
Just a touch, however light,
Would make all the darkness day,
And along some sunny way
Lead me through an April-shower
Of my tears to this fair hour.

O the present is too sweet
To go on forever thus!
Round the corner of the street
Who can say what waits for us?—
Meeting—greeting, night and day,
Faring each the selfsame way—
Still somewhere the path must end—
Reach your hand to me, my friend!

James Whitcomb Riley.

From the Biographical Edition
Of the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley,
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FRIENDS

THE'S a little touch o' winter in th' air,
The's leaves a-droppin', droppin' everywhere,
The's gusts o' snow a-blowin',
But the's evergreen a-growin',
Lookin' fresher 'n brighter 'n ever,
Jes' to show 'et th' ain't never
Any time when all th' trees is stripped an' bare.

The's a little touch o' trouble in th' air,
The's friends a-droppin', droppin' everywhere,
But the's some 'et's clingin' faster,
Even when ye've met disaster,
Jes' to show 'et th' ain't ever
Any trouble 'et can sever
Friends 'et's evergreen—th' kind o' friends 'et's rare.

James W. Foley.

From "Tales of the Trail,"
E. P. Dutton & Co.

FRANKNESS BETWEEN FRIENDS

SAYS Henry Smith to me one day,
"I got a few short words to say,
The which, I want it understood,
I'm tellin' you for your own good.
An' so I'll say, most free an' frank,
The way you act is something rank!
You drink too much, you smoke, you chew,
You swear like common sailors do,

You gamble too, an' lead a life
Most aggravatin' to your wife;
An' folks is sayin' all the time
The way you carry on's a crime!
Why don't you straighten up—I would—
I'm tellin' you for your own good!"

Says I to Mr. Henry Smith,
"Since we are just like kin an' kith,
An' since you told me where I fail
An' why I oughta be in jail,
I'll speak a little word or two
Explainin' what is wrong with you;
The hull of which, it's understood,
I'm tellin' you fer your own good.

"First then," I says, "you're such a cheat
You swindle every one you meet,
You chant your anthems in the church
An' leave your neighbor in the lurch;
You seize an' grab by force an' fraud
An' call it all the will uv God.
In short, to say it brief an' quit,
You're miser, crook an' hypocrite,
You'd rob a baby if you could—
I'm tellin' you for your own good!"

But Henry Smith was very queer,
He hit me just behind the ear;
"Of course," he says, "it's understood,
I'm sluggin' you for your own good!"

Five coppers come up in their cart
An' pried us old time friends apart,
They took their sticks uv loaded wood
An' clubbed us hard for our own good.

In court the Judge says, "Gentlemen,
Don't try to be so frank again,
Be chary of the words you speak
Lest you be swatted on the cheek;
I fine you ten—it's understood
I'm doing it for your own good."

The moral is, don't be too frank,
It gits you nuthin' at the bank,
Just keep your thoughts beneath your hood,
I'm tellin' you for your own good.

Berton Braley.

From "A Banjo at Armageddon,"
Copyright, 1917,
George H. Doran Company.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

APPRECIATION

LIFE'S a bully good game with its kicks and cuffs—
Some smile, some laugh, some bluff;
Some carry a load too heavy to bear
While some push on with never a care,
But the load will seldom heavy be
When I appreciate you and you appreciate me.

He who lives by the side of the road
And helps to bear his brother's load
May seem to travel lone and long
While the world goes by with a merry song,
But the heart grows warm and sorrows flee
When I appreciate you and you appreciate me.

When I appreciate you and you appreciate me,
The road seems short to victory;
It buoys one up and calls "Come on,"
And days grow brighter with the dawn;
There is no doubt or mystery
When I appreciate you and you appreciate me.

It's the greatest thought in heaven or earth—
It helps us know our fellow's worth,

There'd be no wars or bitterness,
No fear, no hate, no grasping; yes,
It makes work play, and the careworn free
When I appreciate you and you appreciate me.

William Judson Kibby.

Permission of the Author.

NOW IS THE TIME

NOW is the time; ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear.
They may not meet you in the coming year.
Now is the time.

Ah, friends! dear friends—if any such there be,—
Keep not your loving thoughts away from me
Till I am gone.
I want them now to help me on the way,
As lonely watchers want the light of day
Ere it is morn.

D. F. Hodges.

IF NEEDS BE

TO moisten with one's tears the other's brow,
If needs be.
To turn one's back on pleasure, maybe life,
To take and hold all troubles, burdens, strife,
If needs be.
To bind oneself with an unwritten vow,
If needs be.

To ever yield a sympathetic ear,
If needs be.
To laugh when laughter onward flies,
To laugh, though for us mirth but cries,
If needs be.
To bravely face, and show no cowardly fear,
If needs be.

To be stone deaf when censure's in the air,
If needs be.
To lose one's wit and give no apt reply,
To seem a fool, rather than draw a sigh,
If needs be.
To yield in all thy dealings double share,
If needs be.

Charlotte Mansfield.

BILL AND JOE

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL.D.
In big brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;

A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears;
In some sweet lull of harps and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

NOT UNDERSTOOD

NOT understood. We move along asunder.
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life? And then we fall asleep—
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die—
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go—
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroys long years of friendship, and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another; they'd be nearer Thee—
And understood.

Thomas Bracken.

From "Musings in Maoriland."

IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY

WHEN a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, Oh my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart:
You can't look up and meet his eyes—you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good worl' after all;
An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Anonymous.

(*Wrongly attributed to James Whitcomb Riley.*)

I READ, DEAR FRIEND

I READ, dear friend, in your dear face
Your life's tale told with perfect grace;
The river of your life, I trace
Up the sun-checkered, devious bed
To the far-distant fountain-head.

Not one quick beat of your warm heart,
Nor thought that came to you apart,
Pleasure nor pity, love nor pain
Nor sorrow, has gone by in vain;

But as some lone, wood-wandering child
Brings home with him at evening mild
The thorns and flowers of all the wild,
From your whole life, O fair and true
Your flowers and thorns you bring with you!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

From "Complete Poems,"
Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Charles Lamb.

THEY HAD BEEN FRIENDS

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

MY MARY

This poem is an expression of Cowper's platonic friendship for Mrs. Mary Unwin. A mutual interest in religion was the beginning of their friendship. Of her Cowper said, "That woman is a blessing to me; and I never see her without being the better for her company." The Unwins showed a practical manifestation of friendship when they took the improvident poet into their home. After Mr. Unwin's death, referred to in the second line of the poem, Mrs. Unwin continued to care for Cowper, even through his recurrent periods of melancholia and suicidal mania. Well may the poet say that it was his distress that brought her low. The third verse refers to the fact that Mary knit all of Cowper's stockings with the finest possible needles. As the poet now sees her, old and broken, she is but a sad remembrance of the Mary he had once known. Cowper made some slight return for her years of devotion by caring for her at the close of her life. Cowper himself died four years later.

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary.

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'd'st the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

And then I feel that still I hold
A richer store ten thousandfold
Than misers fancy in their gold,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

William Cowper.

TO THOMAS MOORE

MY boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate!

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be,—Peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

Lord Byron.

MAY AND DEATH

I WISH that when you died last May,
Charles, there had died along with you
Three parts of spring's delightful things;
Ay, and, for me, the fourth part too.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!
  There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
  Moon-births and the long evening-ends.

So, for their sake, be May still May!
  Let their new time, as mine of old,
Do all it did for me: I bid
  Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.

Only, one little sight, one plant,
  Woods have in May, that starts up green
Save a sole streak which, so to speak,
  Is spring's blood, spilt its leaves between,—

That, they might spare; a certain wood
  Might miss the plant; their loss were small:
But I,—whene'er the leaf grows there,
  Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

Robert Browning.

SONNET

MY friend, adown Life's valley, hand in hand.
With grateful change of grave and merry speech
Or song, our hearts unlocking each to each,
We'll journey onward to the silent land;
And when stern Death shall loose that loving band,
Taking in his cold hand a hand of ours,
The one shall strew the other's grave with flowers,
Nor shall his heart a moment be unmanned.
My friend and brother! if thou goest first,

Wilt thou no more revisit me below?
Yea, when my heart seems happy, causelessly,
And swells, not dreaming why, as it would burst
With joy unspeakable—my soul shall know
That thou, unseen, art bending over me.

James Russell Lowell.

THE INALIENABLE BOND

WHAT is the best a friend can be
To any soul, to you or me?
Not only shelter, comfort, rest,—
Inmost refreshment unexpressed;
Not only a beloved guide
To thread life's labyrinth at our side,
Or with love's touch lead on before:
Though these be much, there yet is more.

The best friend is an atmosphere
Warm with all inspirations dear,
Wherein we breathe the large, free breath
Of life that hath no taint of death.
Our friend is an unconscious part
Of every true beat of our heart;
A strength, a growth, whence we derive
God's health, that keeps the world alive.

The best friend is horizon, too,
Lifting unseen things into view,
And widening every petty claim
Till lost in some sublimer aim;

Blending all barriers in the great
Infirmities that round us wait.
Friendship is an eternity
Where soul with soul walks, heavenly free.

Can friend lose friend? Believe it not!
The tissue whereof life is wrought,
Weaving the separate into one,
Nor end hath, nor beginning; spun
From subtle threads of destiny,
Finer than thought of man can see;
God takes not back his gifts divine;
While thy soul lives, thy friend is thine.

If but one friend have crossed thy way,
Once only, in thy mortal day;
If only once life's best surprise
Has opened on thy human eyes,
Ingrate thou wert, indeed, if thou
Didst not in that rare presence bow,
And on earth's holy ground, unshod,
Speak softlier the dear name of God.

Lucy Larcom.

MY OLD FRIEND

IT seems the world was always bright
With some divine unclouded weather,
When we, with hearts and footsteps light,
By lawn and river walked together:

There was no talk of me and you,
Of theories with facts to bound them,
We were content to be and do,
And take our fortunes as we found them.

We spoke no wistful words of love,
No hint of sympathy and dearness,
Only around, beneath, above,
There ran a swift and subtle nearness.

Each inmost thought was known to each
By some impetuous divination:
We found no need of flattering speech,
Content with silent admiration.

I think I never touched your hand,
I took no heed of face or feature,
Only, I thought on sea or land
Was never such a gracious creature.

It seems I was not hard to please,
Where'er you led I needs must follow;
For strength you were my Hercules,
For wit and luster my Apollo.

The years flew onward: stroke by stroke
They clashed from the impartial steeple,
And we appear to other folk
A pair of ordinary people.

One word, old friend: though fortune flies,
If hope should fail—till death shall sever——
In one dim pair of faithful eyes
You seem as bright, as brave as ever.

Arthur C. Benson.

From "Lord Vyet,"
John Lane Company, London.

"AS YOU'RE A FRIEND——"

"YOU'RE a friend of mine, or I wouldn't ask,"
And he straightway assigned a thankless task
That he shied from himself, a disreputable job
The offer of which would insult a lob
He would have to pay. "As a friend," he said:
I did it of course, but I still see red.
Of all sins I swear that this most will I shun——
Using friendship's name to get dirty work done.

St. Clair Adams.

FORTY YEARS AGO

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse playground, that sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon that green some forty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place some forty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro;
It's music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas forty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do, there, forty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide;
But the grapevine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as she died, whose name you cut some forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some forty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
And none are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved some forty years ago.

Francis Huston.

FRIENDSHIP

IN deep distress one sees who is a friend;
In prosp'rous times all persons will pretend
To friendship's place, and then the choice is hard;
But when misfortune falls and one is scarred,
It may be seen who truly is a friend.

Just as the gold with which no alloys blend
Is proven in the fire, so he will spend
Himself, in flame of love, a friendly guard
In deep distress.

And if thou hast achieved a faithful friend,
Let none that great possession from thee rend;
All actions that would anger him discard.
The more indeed thou hast his high regard,
The more indeed he can thy pain extend
In deep distress.

Jean Marot.
(*Translated by N. Hardy Wallis.*)

THE GREENWOOD

OH! when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green,—
Oh! then 'tis sweet,
In some retreat

To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 'tis winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat,—
Oh! then 'tis sweet,
To sit and sing
Of the friends with whom, in days of Spring,
We roamed through the greenwood together.

William Lisle Bowles.

THE WELCOME

ONE night Shah Mahmúd, who had been of late
Somewhat distempered with Affairs of State,
Strolled through the Streets disguised, as wont to do—
And coming to the Baths, there on the Flue
Saw the poor Fellow who the Furnace fed
Sitting beside his Water-jug and Bread.
Mahmúd stept in—sat down—unasked took up
And tasted of the untasted Loaf and Cup,
Saying within himself, "Grudge but a bit,
And, by the Lord, your Head shall pay for it!"
So, having rested, warmed and satisfied
Himself without a Word on either side,
At last the wayward Sultan rose to go.
And then at last his Host broke silence—"So?—

Art satisfied? Well, Brother, and Day
Or Night, remember, when you come this Way
And want a bit of Provender—why, you
Are welcome, and if not—why, welcome too."—
The Sultan was so tickled with the whim
Of this quaint Entertainment and of him
Who offered it, that many a Night again
Stoker and Shah forgathered in that vein—
Till, the poor Fellow having stood the Test
Of true Good-fellowship, Mahmúd confessed
One Night the Sultan that had been his Guest:
And in requital of the scanty Dole
The poor Man offered with so large a soul,
Bid him ask any Largess that he would—
A Throne—if he *would* have it, so he *should.*
The Poor Man kissed the Dust, and "All," said he,
"I ask is what and where I am to be;
If but the Shah from time to time will come
As now, and see me in the lowly Home
His presence makes a Palace, and my own
Poor Flue more royal than another's Throne."

Farid-Uddin Attar.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When the wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign
There shall we three meet again.

Anonymous.

THE EVENING WALK

AT evening too, how pleasing was our walk,
Endeared by Friendship's unrestrained talk,
When to the upland heights we bent our way,
To view the last beam of departing day;
How calm was all around! no playful breeze
Sighed 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees,
But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
The gray-fly wound his sullen horn along;
And save when heard in soft, yet merry glee,
The distant church-bell's mellow harmony;
The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took;
The rugged arch, that clasped its silent tides,
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides:

The craggy rock, that jutted on the sight;
The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight;
All, all was pregnant with divine delight.
We loved to watch the swallow swimming high,
In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose colored pride
Was scattered thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And tinged with such variety of shade,
To the charmed soul sublimest thoughts conveyed.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While fancy led us o'er the realms of space!
Now we espied the thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war,
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—
Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers in mural white,
Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more;
For thou art gone, and I am left below,
Alone to struggle through this world of woe.

Henry Kirke White.

ACCEPT MY FULL HEART'S THANKS

YOUR words came just when needed.
Like a breeze,
Blowing and bringing from the wide salt sea
Some cooling spray, to meadow scorched with heat
And choked with dust and clouds of sifted sand

That hateful whirlwinds, envious of its bloom,
Had tossed upon it. But the cool sea breeze
Came laden with the odors of the sea
And damp with spray, that laid the dust and sand
And brought new life and strength to blade and bloom,
So words of thine came over miles to me,
Fresh from the mighty sea, a true friend's heart,
And brought me hope, and strength, and swept away
The dusty webs that human spiders spun
Across my path. Friend—and the word means much—
So few there are who reach like thee, a hand
Up over all the barking curs of spite
And give the clasp, when most its need is felt,
Friend, newly found, accept my full heart's thanks.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE HEART'S SUMMER

THE cold blast at the casement beats;
The window-panes are white;
The snow whirls through the empty streets;
It is a dreary night!
Sit down, old friend, the wine-cups wait;
Fill to o'erflowing, fill!
Though winter howleth at the gate,
In our hearts 'tis summer still!

For we full many summer joys
And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams, we dared;

And, as I looked upon thy face,
  Back, back o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
  Where it is summer still.

Yes, though like sere leaves on the ground,
  Our early hopes are strown,
And cherished flowers lie dead around,
  And singing birds are flown,
The verdure is not faded quite,
  Not mute all tones that thrill;
And seeing, hearing thee to-night,
  In my heart 'tis summer still.

Fill up! The olden times come back
  With light and life once more;
We scan the Future's sunny track
  From Youth's enchanted shore;
The lost return: through fields of bloom
  We wander at our will;
Gone is the winter's angry gloom,—
  In our heart 'tis summer still.

Epes Sargent.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?

AND doth a meeting like this make amends
  For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
  As smiling and kind as in that happy day?

Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng;
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost
For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more;
They're ours, when we meet—they are lost when we part—
Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

Thomas Moore.

WE LOVE BUT FEW

OH, yes, we mean all kind words that we say
To old friends and to new;
Yet doth this truth grow clearer day by day:
We love but few.

We love! we love! What easy words to say,
And sweet to hear,
When sunrise splendor brightens all the way,
And, far and near,

Are breath of flowers and carolling of birds,
And bells that chime;
Our hearts are light: we do not weigh our words
At morning time!

But when the matin music all is hushed,
And life's great load
Doth weigh us down, and thick with dust
Doth grow the road,

Then do we say less often that we love.
The words have grown!
With pleading eyes we look to Christ above,
And clasp our own.

Their lives are bound to ours by mighty bands
No mortal strait,
Nor Death himself, with his prevailing hands,
Can separate.

The world is wide, and many friends are dear,
And friendships true;
Yet do these words read plainer, year by year:
We love but few.

Anonymous.

MORS ET VITA

WE know not yet what life shall be,
What shore beyond earth's shore be set,
What grief awaits us or what glee,
We know not yet.

Still somewhere in sweet converse met,
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget,
We know not yet.

Those days of yore, those days when we
Were loved and true,—but will Death let
Our eyes the longed for vision see?
We know not yet.

Samuel Waddington.

FRIENDSHIP IS NOT LIKE LOVE

FRIENDSHIP is not like love; it can not say,
"Now is fruition given me and now
The crown of me is set on mine own brow,
This is the minute, the hour, and the day."
It can not find a moment which it may
Call that for which it lived; there is no vow,
Nor pledge thereof, nor first-fruits of its bough,
Nor harvest, and no myrtle crown nor bay.
Love lives for what it may win, or has won;
But friendship has no guerdon save to be;
Itself is its own goal, and in the past
Or future can no dearer dreams be done
Or hoped for, save its own dear self to see
The same, and evermore unchanged to the last.

Edward Lucas White.

FRIENDSHIP

WHAT virtue or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dullness of discretion.

If ev'ry polish'd gem we find,
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship does the same,
That jewel of the purest flame,
Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
  A real and a sound one,
Nor any fool he would deceive,
But proves as ready to believe,
  And dreams that he has found one.

Candid and generous and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
  An error soon corrected—
For who but learns in riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
  Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies,
Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
  And taken trash for treasure,
We should unwarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal good,
  A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair;
  Nor is it wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
  We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
  Or mean self-love erected;

Nor such as may awhile subsist
Between the sot and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who seeks a friend, should come dispos'd
T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd
The graces and the beauties
That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis an union that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be made the basis;
But ev'ry virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
  The secret just committed,
Forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
  And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams
  If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,
  But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
So jealousy looks forth distress'd
  On good that seems approaching,
And if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
  And hates him for encroaching.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
  With friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
  By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be sure to hear
  The trumpet of contention;

Aspersion is the babbler's trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension.

. . . . . .

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points, which God has left at large,
How fiercely will they meet and charge,
No combatants are stiffer!

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend we seem
T' adopt the chymist's golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known
By trespass or omission;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And having made election,
Beware, no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
  That constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case,
That savor much of common place,
  And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone
  To finish a fine building—
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
  The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
  How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
  To pardon or to bear it.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
  First fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
  Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
"Say little and hear all you can:"
  Safe policy, but hateful—

So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
But render neither fruit nor flow'r,
  Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
Shall find me as reserv'd as he;
  No subterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again,
I will by no means entertain
  A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
  Of evils yet unmention'd—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed
  However well-intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
  To be at least expedient,
And after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
  A principal ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shewn
The Saviour's history makes known,
  Though some have turn'd and turn'd it;
And whether being craz'd or blind,
Or seeking with a bias'd mind,
  Have not, it seems, discerned it.

Oh Friendship! if my soul forego
Thy dear delights while here below;
To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere,
Or may my friend deceive me!

William Cowper.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was presented
(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings,—wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with—wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How blest was his home with—wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with—wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
Though for him all Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with—wife, children, and friends.

The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of—wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall flavor
The glass which I fill to—wife, children, and friends.

William Robert Spencer.

THE COUNTERSIGN

UPON the dim, lone road
That leads to Friendship's land
A sentry, armed, alert,
Takes his eternal stand.

"Halt! Who goes there?" "A friend."
"Friend? Needs must I divine
How true a friend. Advance
And give the countersign."

And one says "Fruitful talk,"
And one "A family old,"
And one "Loud worldly fame,"
And one "A bag of gold,"
And one "Hilarious hours,"
And one "A cup of wine."
"You shall not pass, nor you:
That's not the countersign."

At last approaches one
Who, challenged, as if wed
To his own thought, speaks not
But marches straight ahead.
"Pass, friend. No mystic word
Will serve, no deed benign;
'Tis simply what you are
That makes the countersign."

St. Clair Adams.

FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world denied.

. . . . . .

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardors cease to glow,
When souls to peaceful climes remove:
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

Samuel Johnson.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD FRIENDS

MAKE new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.

Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old.
Those are silver, these are gold.

Anonymous.

THE MEETING

AFTER so long an absence
At last we meet again;
Does the meeting give us pleasure
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the prophet's two or three berries
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other
In the old familiar tone;
And we think, though we do not say it,
How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas,
And many a happy New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their fortunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
  Between the ghosts and the guests;
And a mist and shadow of sadness
  Steals over our merriest jests.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
  Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
  For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
  For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
  And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
  The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
  Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
  I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
  And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
  The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
  Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.

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THE SPEEDY FRIEND

BEWARE a speedy friend, the Arabian said,
And wisely was it he advised distrust,
The flower that blossoms earlier fades the first.
Look at yon oak that lifts its stately head
And dallies with the autumnal storm, whose rage
Tempests the ocean waves; slowly it rose,
Slowly its strength increased, through many an age,
And timidly did its light leaves unclose,
As doubtful of the spring, their palest green.
They to the summer cautiously expand,
And by the warmer sun and season bland
Matured, their foliage in the grove is seen,
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last.

Robert Southey.

WHY REPINE, MY FRIEND?

WHY, why repine, my friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass,—
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again.

Walter Savage Landor.

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Robert Burns.

A DEAD FRIEND

I

GONE, O gentle heart and true,
Friend of hopes foregone,
Hopes and hopeful days with you
Gone?

Days of old that shone
Saw what none shall see anew,
When we gazed thereon.

Soul as clear as sunlit dew,
Why so soon pass on,
Forth from all we loved and knew
Gone?

II

Friend of many a season fled,
What may sorrow send
Toward thee now from lips that said
'Friend?'

Sighs and songs to blend
Praise with pain uncomforted
Though the praise ascend?

Darkness hides no dearer head:
Why should darkness end
Day so soon, O dear and dead
Friend?

III

Dear in death, thou hast thy part
Yet in life, to cheer
Hearts that held thy gentle heart
Dear.

Time and chance may sear
Hope with grief, and death may part
Hand from hand's clasp here:

.

Memory, blind with tears that start,
Sees through every tear
All that made thee, as thou art,
Dear.

IV

True and tender, single-souled,
  What should memory do
Weeping o'er the trust we hold
  True?

  Known and loved of few,
But of these, though small their fold,
  Loved how well were you!

Change, that makes of new things old,
  Leaves one old thing new;
Love which promised truth, and told
  True.

V

Kind as heaven, while earth's control
  Still had leave to bind
Thee, thy heart was toward man's whole
  Kind.

  Thee no shadows blind
Now: the change of hours that roll
  Leaves thy sleep behind

Love, that hears thy death-bell toll
  Yet, may call to mind
Scarce a soul as thy sweet soul
  Kind.

VI

How should life, O friend, forget
  Death, whose guest art thou?
Faith responds to love's regret,
  How?

  Still, for us that bow
Sorrowing, still, though life be set,
  Shines thy bright mild brow.

Yet, though death and thou be met,
  Love may find thee now
Still, albeit we know not yet
  How.

VII

Past as music fades, that shone
  While its life might last;
As a song-bird's shadow flown
  Past!

  Death's reverberate blast
Now for music's lord has blown
  Whom thy love held fast.

Dead thy king, and void his throne:
  Yet for grief at last
Love makes music of his own
  Past.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

FRIENDSHIP'S LIKE MUSIC

FRIENDSHIP'S like music; two strings tuned alike,
Will both stir, though but only one you strike.
It is the quintessence of all perfection
Extracted into one: a sweet connection
Of all the virtues moral and divine,
Abstracted into one. It is a mine,
Whose nature is not rich, unless in making
The state of others wealthy, by partaking.
It blooms and blossoms both in sun and shade,
Doth (like a bay in winter) never fade:
It loveth all, and yet suspecteth none,
Is provident, yet seeketh not her own;
'Tis rare itself, yet maketh all things common;
And is judicious, yet judgeth no man.

. . . . . .

The perfect model of true friendship's this:
A rare affection of the soul, which is
Begun with ripened judgment; doth perséver
With simple wisdom, and concludes with Never.
'Tis pure in substance, as refined gold,
That buyeth all things, but is never sold,
It is a coin, and most men walk without it;
True love's the stamp, Jehovah's writ about it;
It rusts unused, but using makes it brighter,
'Gainst Heaven high treason 'tis to make it lighter.

Francis Quarles.

FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP needs no studied phrases,
Polished face, or winning wiles;
Friendship deals no lavish praises,
Friendship dons no surface smiles.

Friendship follows Nature's diction,
Shuns the blandishments of Art,
Boldly severs truth from fiction,
Speaks the language of the heart.

Friendship favors no condition,
Scorns a narrow-minded creed,
Lovingly fulfils its mission,
Be it word or be it deed.

Friendship cheers the faint and weary,
Makes the timid spirit brave,
Warns the erring, lights the dreary,
Smooths the passage to the grave.

Friendship—pure, unselfish friendship,
All through life's allotted span,
Nurtures, strengthens, widens, lengthens
Man's affinity with man.

Anonymous.

FRIENDSHIP

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays,

I fancied he was fled,—
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again:
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone my sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life,
Are through thy friendship fair.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

JENNY KISS'D ME

Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle, the wife of Thomas Carlyle, is the Jenny of this delightful bit of verse.

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kiss'd me!

Leigh Hunt.

FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond this flight of time—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown:
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying, here,
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery.

A PETITION FOR FRIENDSHIP

IF yet one corner in thy heart
Remains, good Fuscus, unpossessed
(For many a friend, I know, is thine),
Give me to claim that corner mine,
Nor thou the honored place I sue
Refuse to an acquaintance new.
The oldest friend of all thy store
Was once, 'tis certain, nothing more.
If matters not how late thy choice
If but approved by reason's voice.
Then let thy sole inquiry be
If thou canst find such worth in me
That, constant as the years are rolled,
Matures new friendship into old.

Martial.

From "Epigrams."

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," cried Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine."
So the temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship, to place on the shrine.

So she flew to the sculptor, who sat down before her
An image, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the Friendship she meant.

"O, never," said she, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But yon little god upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden,
She joyfully flew to her home in the grove.
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love."

Thomas Moore.

POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO LAERTES

THOSE friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. . . .
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

William Shakespeare.

VERSES WRITTEN IN 1872

THOUGH he that ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole long gusty lifetime through
Be gone awhile before,
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet, doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will,
Thro' mire and marsh, by heugh and hill
That self-same arduous way,—
That self-same upland hopeful way,
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead
But in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few, trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! The while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile
Till you can overtake,

And strains his eyes, to search his wake
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

From "Complete Poems,"
Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART

IF stores of dry and learnèd lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts,—whate'er we knowledge call,—
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablets fill,
Nor lose their luster till the heart stands still.

Daniel Webster.

DEPARTED FRIENDS

OFT may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;

To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!
Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.

Samuel Rogers.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH

YE who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.

Let sinned-against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be swift forgiveness spoken,
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this first fading year,
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;

And let your hearts grow fonder,
No memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast fading year;
Ye, with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow.
If e'er you hoped, hope now—

Take heart; uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly Bough.

Charles Mackay.

THE DEAD FRIEND

Edmund Seward, whom Southey called his "nearest and dearest friend," died in June, 1795. In a letter to Grosvenor C. Bedford, Southey wrote, "Bedford,—he is dead; my dear Edmund Seward! after six weeks of suffering. These, Grosvenor, are the losses that gradually wean us from life. May that man want consolation in his last hour, who would rob the survivor of the belief that he shall again behold his friend! You know not, Grosvenor, how I loved poor Edmund: he taught me all that I have of good."

1

NOT to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear:
The Spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbb'd in that cold heart,
Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp.
The Spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave;
Earth, air, and water's ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The spirit is not there!

2

Often together have we talk'd of death;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of Heaven!
O Edmund! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
I look upon the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.

3

And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund! we did not err!
Sure I have felt thy presence! Thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Has kept me from the world unstain'd and pure.
Edmund! we did not err!
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The Soul outgrows them not;
We do not cast them off;
Oh if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

4

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he companies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

Robert Southey.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS QUARREL

BRUTUS.— Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CASSIUS.—O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS.—All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CASSIUS.— Is it come to this?

BRUTUS.—You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS.—You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

BRUTUS.— If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS.—When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS.—Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS.—I durst not?

BRUTUS.—No.

CASSIUS.—What? durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS.— For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS.—Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS.—You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
CASSIUS.— I denied you not.
BRUTUS.—You did.
CASSIUS.— I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRUTUS.—I do not, till you practise them on me.
CASSIUS.—You love me not.
BRUTUS.— I do not like your faults.
CASSIUS.—A friendly eye could never see such faults.
BRUTUS.—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
CASSIUS.—Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
BRUTUS.— Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
CASSIUS.— Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
BRUTUS.—When I spoke that I was ill-tempered too.
CASSIUS.—Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
BRUTUS.—And my heart too.
CASSIUS.— O Brutus!
BRUTUS.— What 's the matter?
CASSIUS.—Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
BRUTUS.— Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

William Shakespeare.

PUBLISH MY NAME

PUBLISH my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover . . .
Who knew too well the sick, sick dread lest the one he loved might secretly be indifferent to him,

Whose happiest days were far away through fields, in woods, on hills, he and another wandering hand in hand, they twain apart from other men,
Who oft as he sauntered the streets curved with his arm the shoulder of his friend, while the arm of his friend rested upon him also. . . .
When I heard at the close of the day how my name had been received with plaudits in the capitol, still it was not a happy night for me that followed,
And else when I caroused, or when my plans were accomplished, still I was not happy,
But the day when I rose at dawn from the bed of perfect health, refreshed, singing, inhaling the ripe breath of autumn,
When I saw the full moon in the west grow pale and disappear in the morning light,
When I wandered alone over the beach, and undressing bathed, laughing with the cool waters, and saw the sun rise,
And when I thought how my dear friend . . . was on his way coming, O then I was happy,
O then each breath tasted sweeter, and all that day my food nourished me more, and the beautiful day passed well,
And the next came with equal joy, and with the next at evening came my friend,
And that night while all was still I heard the waters roll slowly continuously up the shores,
I heard the hissing rustle of the liquid and sands as directed to me whispering to congratulate me,

For the one I love most lay sleeping by me under the same
cover in the cool night,
In the stillness in the autumn moonbeams his face was
inclined toward me,
And his arm lay lightly around my breast—and that night
I was happy.

Walt Whitman.

From "Leaves of Grass."

"THE UNILLUMINED VERGE"

To a friend dying

THEY tell you that Death 's at the turn of the road,
That under the shade of a cypress you 'll find him,
And, struggling on wearily, lashed by the goad
Of pain, you will enter the black mist behind him.

I can walk with you up to the ridge of the hill,
And we'll talk of the way we have come through the
valley;
Down below there a bird breaks into a trill,
And a groaning slave bends to the oar of his galley.

You are up on the heights now, you pity the slave—
"Poor soul, how fate lashes him on at his rowing!
Yet it's joyful to live, and it's hard to be brave
When you watch the sun sink and the daylight is going."

We are almost there—our last walk on this height—
I must bid you good-by at that cross on the mountain.
See the sun glowing red, and the pulsating light
Fill the valley, and rise like the flood in a fountain!

And it shines in your face and illumines your soul;
We are comrades as ever, right here at your going;
You may rest if you will within sight of the goal,
While I must return to my oar and the rowing.

We must part now? Well, here is the hand of a friend;
I will keep you in sight till the road makes its turning
Just over the ridge within reach of the end
Of your arduous toil,—the beginning of learning.

You will call to me once from the mist, on the verge,
"Au revoir!" and "Good night!" while the twilight is creeping
Up luminous peaks, and the pale stars emerge?
Yes, I hear your faint voice: "This is rest, and like sleeping!"

Robert Bridges.

Permission of the Author.

JAFFÀR

JAFFÀR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffàr was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath;

All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffàr.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffàr delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffàr?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffàr!"

Leigh Hunt.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

FOR all things, friendship excepted,
Are subject to fortune: love is but an
Eye-worm which only tickleth the head with
Hopes and wishes: friendship 's the image of
Eternity, in which there is nothing
Movable—nothing mischievous. As much
Difference as there is between beauty
And virtue, bodies and shadows, colors
And life, so great odds is there between love
And friendship. . . .
When adversities flow,
Then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly
In storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair
Face, but addeth fresh colors to a fast
Friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor mis'ry,
Nor place, nor destiny can alter or
Diminish. O Friendship! Of all things the
Most rare, and therefore most rare because most
Excellent; whose comforts in misery
Are always sweet, and whose counsels in
Prosperity are ever fortunate.

John Lyly.

SOUL-COMMINGLING

DEAR friend, I know not if such days and nights
Of fervent comradeship as we have spent,
Or if twin minds with equal ardor bent
To search the world's unspeakable delights,

Or if long hours passed on Parnassian heights
Together in rapt interminglement
Of heart with heart on thought sublime intent,
Or if the spark of heaven-born fire that lights
Love in both breasts from boyhood, thus have wrought
Our spirits to communion; but I swear
That neither chance nor change nor time nor aught
That makes the future of our lives less fair,
Shall sunder us who once have breathed this air
Of soul-commingling friendship passion-fraught.

John Addington Symonds.

OLD FRIENDS

WE just shake hands at meeting,
With many that come nigh;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by.
But we welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up and straightway
There 's open house for you,
Old friends,
Wide-open house for you.

The surface will be sparkling,
Let but a sunbeam shine;
But in the deep lies darkling
The true life of the wine.
The froth is for the many,
The wine is for the few;

Unseen, untouched of any,
We keep the best for you,
Old friends,
The very best for you.

"The many" cannot know us;
They only pace the strand
Where at our worst we show us,
The waters thick with sand;
But out beyond the leaping
Dim surge "'tis clear and blue,"
And there, old friends, we're keeping
A waiting calm for you,
Old friends,
A sacred calm for you.

Gerald Massey.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND

THE green-house is my summer seat;
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat
Enjoy'd the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,

But that delight they never knew,
And, therefore, never missed.

But nature works in ev'ry breast;
Instinct is never quite suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too gen'rous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

For, settling on his grated roof,
He chirp'd and kiss'd him, giving proof
That he desir'd no more;
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till gently seiz'd I shut him fast,
A pris'ner as before.

Oh ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball and rout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird,
A prison, with a friend, preferr'd
To liberty without.

William Cowper.

WHAT SHALL I WISH THEE?

WHAT shall I wish thee for the coming year?
Twelve months of dream-like ease? no care? no pain?
Bright spring, calm summer, autumn without rain
Of bitter tears? Wouldst have it thus, my friend?
What lesson, then, were learnt at the year's end?

What shall I wish thee, then? God knoweth well
If I could have my way no shade of woe
Should ever dim thy sunshine; but I know
Strong courage is not learnt in happy sleep,
Nor patience sweet by eyes that never weep.

Ah, would my wishes were of more avail
To keep from thee the many jars of life!
Still let me wish thee courage for the strife,—
The happiness that comes of work well done,—
And, afterwards, the peace of victory won!

Anonymous.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Halleck and Drake represent one of those intimate literary friendships best exemplified in the lives of Beaumont and Fletcher. The publication of a series of their poems, "The Croakers," some of which were written jointly, was the literary sensation of New York from March to June, 1819. Drake was destined to die at the early age of twenty-five; the following lines, which are characterized by a sincerity usually not present in threnodic poems, are an enduring expression of these two men's friendship. Halleck little realized, when he prefaced his poem with Wordsworth's lines, that he himself was to live to be seventy-seven years old.

"The good die first,
And they, whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket."

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I 've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

THE CASTLE OF FRIENDSHIP

I HAD a friend.
Golden hours we spent in a fellowship
That bound our souls together.
In a beautiful Castle of Friendship we dwelt
Where naught but the noble and the true could enter.
We held for each other aloft in our hands
A torch of ideals, and youthful eyes beheld it
As a star to lead us on.

Thus we shared our lives in the dream-days of youth;
But the crowding years of manhood came apace,
And the merciless pressure of Things
Stifled the yearning of our hearts.
Less and less we dwelt in the Castle of Friendship,
And finally it was but a memory.

At last, with age came rest from the strife,
And the memories of youth again grew dear.
I would go back and have my friend.
That would compensate somewhat
For the little life had given, for the bootless endeavor.
Now I would dwell again in the Castle of Friendship.

But I could not find the way.
The gate at which I had so often entered
Was tangled with brambles.
The walk I had trodden so eagerly
Was cluttered with weeds.
I pushed them aside determinedly, madly—
My friend I must see.

Only thus could a great heart-hunger be satisfied.
There would be solace for the meaningless struggle of life.
Though not a single hope of my youth had been realized,
My friend would not say that he had held the torch for me
In vain.

At last! at last! to the door.
"You must be mistaken," they told me.
There was a stranger within.
I had no friend.

Joseph Morris.

I SAW IN LOUISIANA A LIVE-OAK GROWING

I SAW in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
All alone stood it and the moss hung down from the branches,
Without any companion it grew there uttering joyous leaves of dark green,
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself,
But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves standing alone there without its friends near, for I knew I could not,
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away, and I have placed it in sight in my room.
It is not needed to remind me of my own dear friends,
(For I believe lately I have thought of little else than of them)

Yet it remains to me a curious token, it makes me think of manly love;
For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana solitary in a wide flat space,
Uttering joyous leaves all its life without a friend or a lover near,
I know very well I could not.

Walt Whitman.

SHAKESPEAREAN SONNETS

Many of Shakespeare's sonnets are an expression of his absorbing friendship for W. H. to whom they are dedicated and whose identity still remains a mystery. They are beautiful in sentiment and matchless in expression. This unknown friend seems to have been a person far loftier in station than Shakespeare, who, it must be remembered, held the (in his day) unenviable position of an actor. In XXV the poet says he is happy in the constancy of his friend's love which is not subject to change like the precarious honors of the great. In XXIX it is his friend's love that compensates him for the many things he wishes he had, and in XXX the mere thinking of his friend banishes the sorrows with which he is beset. In XXXII and LXXI Shakespeare belittles the merit of the poetry which he offers to his friend, and in the latter sonnet he reaches the height of complete self-abnegation in that he would not have his friend remember or mention him if doing so would bring him shame. The theme of the last sonnet is the deathlessness of a love such as theirs. True love alters not "even to the edge of doom."

XXV

LET those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.

Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,

And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
"Had my friend's Muse grown with the growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I loved you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O! if,—I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

William Shakespeare.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.

BEN BOLT

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?

Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

Thomas Dunn English.

FRIENDS . . . OLD FRIENDS

FRIENDS . . . old friends . . .
One sees how it ends.
A woman looks
Or a man tells lies
And the pleasant brooks
And the quiet skies,
Ruined with brawling
And caterwauling,—
Enchant no more
As they did before
And so it ends
With friends.

Friends . . . old friends . . .
And what if it ends?
Shall we dare to shirk

What we live to learn?
It has done its work,
It has served its turn;
And forgive and forget
Or hanker and fret,
We can be no more
As we were before.
When it ends, it ends
With friends.

Friends . . . old friends
So it breaks, so it ends.
There let it rest!
It has fought and won,
And is still the best
That either has done.
Each as he stands
The work of its hands.
Which shall be more
As he was before? . . .
What is it ends
With friends?

William Ernest Henley.

PLATONIC

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid;
Besides, we had our higher loves,—fair science ruled my heart,
And she said her young affections were all wound up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship
cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more
to give:
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man
and man;
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash,—vows, kisses, tears, and
sighs;
High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish
arts despise;
We *liked* each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and
feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that young Ambition
reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days
to come,
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other
"chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she, the ruined mills
And rustic bridges, and the like, that picture-makers prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and summer
skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees,

And talked, in long gradation from the poets to the weather,
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

. . . . . .

"Well, good-by, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go.
My going meant our parting, when to meet, we did not know.
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart;
For although we were but *friends*, 'tis hard for honest friends to part.

"Good-by, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,
And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob, just behind,
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine,—great liquid eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew;
One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never did before—
Perhaps the *tears* meant friendship, but I'm sure the *kiss* meant more.

William Rogers Terrett.

THE FRIEND

OF all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend?
Our health is soon decayed; goods, casual, light and vain;
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honor suffer stain.
In body's lust man doth resemble but base brute;
True virtue gets and keeps a friend, good guide of our pursuit,
Whose hearty zeal with ours accords in every case;
No term of time, no space of place, no storm can it deface.
When fickle fortune fails, this knot endureth still;
Thy kin out of their *kind* may swerve, when friends owe thee good-will.
What sweeter solace shall befall, than [such a] one to find
Upon whose breast thou may'st repose the secrets of thy mind?
He waileth at thy woe, his tears with thine be shed;
With thee doth he all joys enjoy, so leef a life is led.

Nicholas Grimwoald.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH

FRIENDSHIP doth bind, with pleasant ties,
The heart of man to man, and age
But strengthens it—it never dies
Till finished is life's final page.

Love is the sacred link which binds
Hearts joined by friendship firmer still;

Who once has felt it, in it finds
Joys which his soul with pleasure fill.

Truth only can complete the chain,
Its links enduring strength can give;
With this unbroken 'twill remain
While e'er the human soul shall live.

Anonymous.

DIVORCED

WE that were friends, yet are not now,
We that must daily meet
With ready words and courteous bow,
Acquaintance of the street;
We must not scorn the holy past,
We must remember still
To honor feelings that outlast
The reason and the will.

I might reprove thy broken faith,
I might recall the time
When thou wert chartered mine till death,
Through every fate and clime;
When every letter was a vow,
And fancy was not free
To dream of ended love; and thou
Wouldst say the same of me.

No, no, 'tis not for us to trim
The balance of our wrongs,
Enough to leave remorse to him
To whom remorse belongs!

Let our dead friendship be to us
A desecrated name,
Unutterable, mysterious,
A sorrow and a shame.

A sorrow that two souls which grew
Encased in mutual bliss,
Should wander, callous strangers, through
So cold a world as this!
A shame that we, whose hearts had earned
For life an early heaven,
Should be like angels self-returned
To Death, when once forgiven!

Let us remain as living signs,
Where they that run may read
Pain and disgrace in many lines,
As of a loss indeed;
That of our fellows any who
The prize of love have won
May tremble at the thought to do
The thing that we have done!

Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton.

OLD FRIENDSHIP STREET

LOVE led me to an unknown land and fain was I to go;
From peak to peak a weary way he lures me to and fro;
On narrow ledge and dizzy height he dares my way-worn feet—
I would that I were back again to walk
Old Friendship Street.

It's there one knew the level road, the even grass-grown way;
My brain grew never wildered there, my feet might never stray;
But here I quarrel for the path with every soul I meet—
I would that I were back again to walk
Old Friendship Street.

It's here I find no gracious hand to close within my own,
But there one never raised a song to find he sang alone;
And always at a neighbor's hearth were kindly glass and seat—
I would that I were back again to walk
Old Friendship Street.

I'm sick of awful depths and heights, I'm sick of storm and strife;
I'll let Love lead for bolder folk, and take my ease in life.
I know whose voice will hail me first,
Whose welcoming be sweet—
It's I am going back again to walk
Old Friendship Street.

Theodosia Garrison.

From "The Earth Cry,"
Copyright, 1910,
Mitchell Kennerly.

HE'S GANE, HE'S GANE!

HE'S gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,

Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled.

. . . . . .

O Henderson, the man! the brother!
And art thou gone and gone forever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

Robert Burns.

From "Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson."

THE VALE OF AVOCA

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,—
O, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,

And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Thomas Moore.

PARTING

IF thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years,
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth;
Unseen, Fate goeth too.
Yes, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

Coventry Patmore.

GOOD-BYE

"FAREWELL! farewell!" is often heard
From the lips of those who part:
'Tis a whispered tone,—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good-bye!"

"Adieu! adieu!" may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech:
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows
In the warm, frank words, "Good-bye."

Eliza Cook.

IT IS A SWEET THING

IT is a sweet thing, friendship:—a dear balm;
A happy and auspicious bird of calm
Which rides o'er life's ever-tumultuous ocean;
A god that broods o'er chaos in commotion;
A flower which, fresh as Lapland roses are,

Lifts its bold head into the world's frore air,
And blooms most radiantly when others die,—
Health, hope, and youth, and brief prosperity,—
And with the light and odor of its bloom,
Shining within the dungeon and the tomb;
Whose coming is as light and music are
'Mid dissonance and gloom—a star
Which moves not mid the moving heavens alone—
A smile amid dark frowns—a gentle tone
Among rude voices, a belovèd light,
A solitude, a refuge, a delight.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

OH! LET US BE HAPPY

OH! let us be happy when friends gather round us,
However the world may have shadowed our lot;
When the rose-braided links of affection have bound us,
Let the cold chains of earth be despised and forgot.
And say not that friendship is only ideal;
That truth and devotion are blessings unknown:
For he who believes every heart is unreal,
Has something unsound at the core of his own.
Oh! let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best;
For the pulse ever beats a most heavenly measure
When love and good will sweep the strings of the breast.

Eliza Cook.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

The Oriental Soofee poet, Jâmee, illustrates a high ideal of friendship: one should be all the more a friend when the person he cares for mistreats him, even considers him a foe.

SHEIK SCHUBLÎ, taken sick, was borne one day
Unto the hospital. A host the way
Behind him thronged. "Who are you?" Schublî cried.
"We are your friends," the multitude replied.
Sheik Schublî threw a stone at them: they fled.
"Come back, ye false pretenders!" then he said;
"A friend is one who, ranked among his foes
By him he loves, and stoned, and beat with blows,
Will still remain as friendly as before,
And to his friendship only add the more."

Jâmee.

(Translated by William R. Alger.)

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER

WE have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-tree
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart;
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts,

But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,—
O! what shall part us now?

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton.

TO LOOK UPON THE FACE

TO look upon the face of a dead friend
Is hard; but 'tis not more than we can bear
If, haply, we can see peace written there,—
Peace after pain, and welcome so the end,
Whate'er the past, whatever death may send.
Yea, and that face a gracious smile may wear,
If love till death was perfect, sweet, and fair;
But there is woe from which may God defend:
To look upon our friendship lying dead,
While we live on, and eat, and drink, and sleep—
Mere bodies from which all the soul has fled—
And that dead thing year after year to keep
Locked in cold silence in its dreamless bed:—
There must be hell while there is such a deep.

John White Chadwick.

OLD OCTOBER

HAIL, old October, bright and chill,
First freedman from the summer sun!
Spice high the bowl, and drink your fill!
Thank heaven, at last the summer's done!

Come, friend, my fire is burning bright,
A fire's no longer out of place,
How clear it glows! (there's frost to-night,)
It looks white winter in the face.

You've been to "Richard." Ah! you've seen
A noble play: I'm glad you went;
But what on earth does Shakespeare mean
By "*winter* of our *discontent*"?

Be mine the tree that feeds the fire!
Be mine the sun knows when to set!
Be mine the months when friends desire
To turn in here from cold and wet!

The sentry sun, that glared so long
O'erhead, deserts his summer post;
Ay, you may brew it hot and strong:
"The joys of winter"—come, a toast!

Shine on the kangaroo, thou sun!
Make far New Zealand faint with fear!
Don't hurry back to spoil our fun,
Thank goodness, old October's here!

Thomas Constable.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond Regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs, to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er can forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you!

And still on that evening when Pleasure fills up
To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! will be with you that night—
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest if it tell me that, mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice has murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore.

MY COMRADE

THE love of man and woman is as fire,
To warm, to light, but surely to consume
And self-consuming die. There is no room
For constancy and passionate desire.
We stand at last beside a wasted pyre,
Touch its dead embers, groping in the gloom;
And where an altar stood, erect a tomb,
And sing a requiem to a broken lyre.
But comrade-love is as welding blast
Of candid flame and ardent temperature:
Glowing most fervent, it doth bind more fast;
And melting both, but makes the union sure.
The dross alone is burnt—till at the last
The steel, if cold, is one, and strong and pure.

James Jeffrey Roche.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

William Shakespeare.

IN MEMORIAM

This great poem gives superb expression to Tennyson's love for his lost friend, Arthur Hallam. "Reserved, dignified, in sustained meditation and tender sentiment, yet half revealing here and there a more passionate feeling; expressing in simplest words the most difficult and elusive, as well as the most intimate and sacred moods of the soul; it is indeed a great work of art," says Edward Carpenter.

XXII

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow;

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut
Or breaking into song by fits,
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came
Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, How changed from where it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb,
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.

XXV

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

LXXXV

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,

O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crownèd soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands,
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine.

CXXIX

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O, loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine!
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
Love deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold I dream a dream of good
And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;

Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

Alfred Tennyson.

WHAT SHALL I DO, MY FRIEND?

WHAT shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its eager need will send
Through the years to find you never.

And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder?
Will you love me with a love as true,
When our paths lie far asunder?

The way is short, O friend,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
His love is smiling o'er us.

A little while is ours,
For sorrow or for laughter:
I'll lay the hand you love in yours,
On the shore of the Hereafter.

Mary Clemmer.

A LOST FRIEND

I LOST a friend the other day—
His heart was pure and strong and true;
Our days were sweet, but all too few;
He passed from earth—the other day.
But while I see him here no more,
I know that on a happier shore,
Not here, but in eternity,
God will give my friend to me.

I lost a friend long years ago—
Awhile our paths together lay,
And we were happy by the way
Until we parted—years ago.
From out each other's lives we passed;
Each went his way, but yet, at last,
Or here, or in eternity,
God will give back my friend to me.

I lost a friend—or, shall I say
He lost himself! For sin and shame
Have left me little but the name
Of him I loved, and love to-day.
My friend, as lost, I weep, deplore;
But faith says: "One can save, restore."
To Thee I come, I pray to Thee,
O Christ, give back my friend to me.

Paton H. Hoge.

"GOOD-BYE"

WE say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this,—
"Good-bye."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way,—
"Good-bye."

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry, as to the wanderer for a night,—
"Good-bye."

Grace Denio Litchfield.

From "Poems,"
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SONG

THO' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer,—
The hope to meet again.

Oh, fondly on the past I dwell,
And oft recall those hours
When, wand'ring down the shady dell,
We gathered the wild flowers.

Yes, life then seem'd one pure delight,
Tho' now each spot looks drear;
Yet, tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
To mem'ry thou art dear.

Oft in the tranquil hour of night,
When stars illume the sky,
I gaze upon each orb of light,
And wish that thou wert by.

I think upon that happy time,
That time so fondly lov'd,

When last we hèard the sweet bells chime,
As thro' the fields we rov'd.

Yes, life then seem'd one pure delight,
Tho' now each spot looks drear;
Yet, tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
To mem'ry thou art dear.

George Linley.

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand, through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms!
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness, sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

SOME TIME AT EVE

SOME time at eve when the tide is low
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the waters flow,—
Some time at even when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.

Through the purpling shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,

I shall fare me away, with a dip of sail
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
  Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
  To the Mystic Isles where at anchor lay
The crafts of those who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
  Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
  Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
  In silent sorrow will drop a tear,—
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm or gale,
  And greeted the friends who have sailed before
  O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

Elizabeth Clark Hardy.

COME BACK! YE FRIENDS

I CANNOT sleep! my fevered brain
  Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendors deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
A breath from that far-distant shore
Comes freshening ever more and more,
And wafts o'er intervening seas
Sweet odors from the Hesperides!
A wind, that through the corridor
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,

And, touching the æolian strings,
Faints with the burden that it brings!
Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended!
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!
They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long-ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers!
I would not sleep! I love to be
Again in their fair company;
But ere my lips can bid them stay,
They pass and vanish quite away!
Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain;
The rest we cannot reinstate;
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MY BOSOM FRIEND

MY bosom friend, 'tis long since we have looked
Upon each other's face; and God may will
It shall be longer, ere we meet again.
Awhile it seemed most strange unto my heart
That I should mourn, and thou not nigh to cheer;
That I should shrink 'mid perils, and thy spirit
Far away, far, powerless to brave them with me.

. . . . . .

There is another world: and some have deemed
It is a world of music, and of light,
And human voices, and delightful forms,
Where the material shall no more be cursed
By dominance of evil, but become
A beauteous evolution of pure spirit,
Opposite but not warring, rather yielding
New grace, and evidence of liberty.
Oh, may we recognize each other there,
My bosom friend! May we cleave to each other
And love once more together! Pray for me,
That such may be the glory of our end.

Arthur Henry Hallam.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND

THE flatterer, whilst thou hast chink,
Will proffer meat and give thee drink,
But for it thou shalt dearly pay,
For he will bring thee to decay:

Then I advise thee how to know
A faithful friend from a flattering foe.

The friend will grieve to see thee lack,
He'll speak thee fair behind thy back,
In words and deeds he'll still agree,
He'll grieve to see thy misery:
Hereby you may plainly know
A faithful friend from a flattering foe.

The Roxburghe Ballads.

OF THE TERRIBLE DOUBT OF APPEARANCES

OF the terrible doubt of appearances,
Of the uncertainty after all—that we may be deluded,
That may-be reliance and hope are but speculations after all,
That may-be identity beyond the grave is a beautiful fable only, . . .
To me, these, and the like of these, are curiously answered by my lovers, my dear friends.
When he whom I love travels with me, or sits a long while holding me by the hand,
When the subtle air, the impalpable, the sense that words and reason hold not, surround and pervade us,
Then I am charged with untold and untellable wisdom—I am silent—I require nothing further,
I cannot answer the question of appearances, or that of identity beyond the grave;
But I walk or sit indifferent—I am satisfied,
He ahold of my hand has completely satisfied me.

Walt Whitman.

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS!

I GO, sweet friends! yet think of me
When spring's young voice awakes with flowers;
For we have wandered far and free
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go; but when you pause to hear
From distant hills the Sabbath-bell
On summer-winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it well!

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze;
For dear hath been its evening mirth
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are stirred,
Think of me then! I go, I go!

Felicia Hemans.

MY HEART WAS COMFORTED

ONE came and told me suddenly,
"Your friend is dead! Last year she went";
But many years my friend had spent
In life's wide wastes, apart from me.

And lately I had felt her near,
And walked as if by soft winds fanned,
Had felt the touching of her hand,
Had known she held me close and dear.

And swift I learned that being dead
Meant rather being free to live,
And free to seek me, free to give,
And so my heart was comforted.

Margaret E. Sangster.

A TRUE FRIEND

HAMLET.—Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. . . .
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,—
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

William Shakespeare.

WORLD FRIENDS

FRIENDS? Yes. Not only friends in flesh,
Not merely friends in time and space;
I want these, but I want as well
The friends of all the human race,
As Lincoln, Shakespeare, Jesus—souls

That make the universe their throne,
And yet from that high seat can stoop
And speak with each of us alone.

St. Clair Adams.

AS WHEN WITH DOWNCAST EYES

AS when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, "All this hath been before,
All this hath been, I know not when or where."
So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face
Our thought gave answer each to each, so true—
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—
That tho' I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And either lived in either's heart and speech.

Alfred Tennyson.

FRIENDS IN DEATH

SUFFOLK first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore, he lay insteep'd
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud, "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company in heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came and cheered him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my Lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips;
And so, espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

William Shakespeare.

FRIENDS OF YOUTH

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends,—whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause and gaze;
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature,—
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure:
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came and which shall last endure.

Aubrey Thomas de Vere.

TRUE-HEARTED FRIEND OF MINE

SMALL fellowship of daily commonplace
We hold together, dear, constrained to go
Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace;
And if we meet but for a moment's space,
Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world aglow.
Faith soars serener, haunting doubts shrink low,
Abashed before the sunshine of thy face.
Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance serves
To part us. Every hush of evening brings
Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of mine;
And as the farther planet thrills and swerves
When toward it through the darkness Saturn swings,
Even so my spirit feels the spell of thine.

Ellen Burroughs.

SIT CLOSER, FRIENDS

SIT closer, friends, around the board!
Death grants us yet a little time.
Now let the cheering cup be poured,
And welcome song and jest and rhyme,
Enjoy the gifts that fortune sends
Sit closer, friends!

And yet, we pause. With trembling lip
We strive the fitting phrase to make;
Remembering our fellowship,
Lamenting Destiny's mistake,

We marvel much when Fate offends
And claims our friends.

Companion of our nights of mirth,
When all were merry who were wise,
Does Death quite understand your worth,
And know the value of his prize?
I doubt me if he comprehends—
He knows no friends.

And in that realm is there no joy
Of comrades and the jocund sense?
Can Death so utterly destroy—
For gladness grant no recompense?
And can it be that laughter ends,
With absent friends?

O scholars! whom we wisest call,
Who solve great questions at your ease,
We ask the simplest of them all,
And yet you cannot answer these!
And is it thus your knowledge ends,
To comfort friends?

Dear Omar, should You chance to meet
Our Brother Somewhere in the Gloom,
Pray give to Him a Message Sweet,
From Brothers in the Tavern Room.
He will not ask Who 'tis that sends,
For We were Friends.

Again a parting sail we see;
Another boat has left the shore,

A kinder soul on board has she
  Than ever left the land before.
And as her outward course she bends,
  Sit closer, friends!

Arthur Macy.

KNOWLEDGE

I HAVE known sorrow—therefore I
  May laugh with you, O friend, more merrily
Than those who never sorrowed upon earth
And know not laughter's worth.

I have known laughter—therefore I
May sorrow with you far more tenderly
Than those who never knew how sad a thing
Seems merriment to one heart suffering.

Theodosia Garrison.

A TRUE FRIEND

COMMEND me to the friend that comes
  When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
  The suffering of his own;
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
  At pleasure's gay levee,
And comes to gild a somber hour
  And give his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
  And when the task is done

He freely gives me all I ask—
A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling face
When mine is touched with gloom,
But, like a violet, seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But like the Winter's icy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the flitting stork
That seeks a southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.
Oh, such a friend! He is in truth,
Whate'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea.

Anonymous.

A FRIEND THAT'S TRUE

IF the freaks of Folly have set their snares,
And the way seems all too long—
If you've sown your wheat and garnered but tares
And there's e'er a false note in the song;

If the sun is clouded and skies loom gray
And there's nothing left to do—
Why, that is the time to steal away
To the heart of a friend that's true.

Oh, the world is wide and the world is grand,
And there's little or nothing new,
But its sweetest thing is the grip of the hand
Of a friend that's tried and true.

Anonymous.

A LOST FRIEND

MY friend he was; my friend from all the rest;
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast.
No door was locked on altar, grave, or grief;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief;
The hope, the sorrow, and the wrong were bare,
And ah, the shadow only showed the fair.

I gave him love for love; but, deep within,
I magnified each frailty into sin;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone of all men, I, who knew him best,
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test!

Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.
At last it came—the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred;
When in his face I read what I had been
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late! Too late! Oh, could he then have known,
When his love died, that mine had perfect grown;
That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn—a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE ROYAL GUEST

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men;
With thee I'm slow, and difficult of speech.
With others I may guide the car of talk:
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garment from the shelf;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For then I while the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;

But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
  Who hast the harmonies of every time?

O friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,—
  Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
  Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
  Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare
  And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me,
  From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine;
  But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

Julia Ward Howe.

FRIENDSHIP IS A NAME

FRIENDSHIP is a name
  Virtue can only answer to: couldst thou
Unite into one all goodness whatsoe'er
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The circle narrow, bounded to contain
This swelling treasure. Every good admits
Degrees: but this, being so good, it cannot;
For he's no friend who's not superlative.
Indulgent parent, brethren, kindred tied
By the natural flow of blood, alliances,

And what you can imagine, are too light
To weigh with name of friend. They execute,
At best, but what a nature prompts them to:—
Are often less than friends when they remain
Our kinsmen still; but friend is never lost.

James Shirley.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

IF I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance

Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Belle E. Smith.

SUCH A FRIEND

O SWEETER than the honey well,
Deep in the sweetest rose of June,
And all sweet things the tongue can tell
On clover-scented afternoon,
Is friendship that has lived for years
Through fortune, failure, and through tears.

Though he who wears it sacredly
Be swarted like the rafters are
That shelter him, eternity
May hold few jewels half so rare!
And God will find for such a friend
Some sweeter slumber in the end.

Allan Botsford.

THE GRACIOUS PAST

IN June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.
There muse I of old times, old hopes, old friends,—
Old friends! The writing of those words has borne
My fancy backward to the gracious past,
The generous past, when all was possible,
For all was then untried; the years between
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none
Wiser than this,—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly.
Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring,
As to an oak, and precious more and more,
Without deservingness or help of ours,
They grow, and, silent, wider spread, each year,
Their unbought rings of shelter or of shade.
Sacred to me the lichens on the bark,
Which Nature's milliners would scrape away;
Most dear and sacred every withered limb!
'Tis good to set them early, for our faith
Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles come,
Few plant, but water dead ones with vain tears.

James Russell Lowell.

AT GOOD CHEER HOUSE ON FRIENDSHIP STREET

AT Good Cheer House on Friendship Street
The latchstring's hanging from the door;
A pathway's worn, for many feet
Have traveled that same way before.
Though it be morn or noon or night,
Though outside it may rain or sleet,
You'll find the heart-fires burning bright
At Good Cheer House on Friendship Street.

When life is sad and days are drear,
Go seek a friend on Friendship Street;
Just ring the doorbell at Good Cheer—
A merry welcome you will meet.
Then enter as some royal guest
For whom awaits a banquet seat,
For friends are kings, however dressed,
At Good Cheer House on Friendship Street.

The warm hand clasp, the true heart beat—
'Tis these that make our lives worth while;
They take the sorrow from defeat,
And cheer us on the last long mile.
With friends we drink life's golden wine,
And find its joys are most complete,
And human love becomes divine
At Good Cheer House on Friendship Street.

Joseph Morris.

BASIS OF FRIENDSHIP

THE earth-born clod who hugs his idol pelf,
His only friends are Mammon and himself;
The drunken sots, who want the art to think,
Still cease from friendship when they cease from drink.
The empty fop who scarce for man will pass,
Ne'er sees a friend but when he views his glass.
Friendship first springs from sympathy of mind,
Which to complete the virtues all combine,
And only found 'mongst men who can espy
The merits of his friend without envy.
Thus all pretending friendship's but a dream,
Whose base is not reciprocal esteem.

Allan Ramsay.

I HEAR IT WAS CHARGED

I HEAR it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions,
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
(What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction of them?)
Only I will establish in Mannahatta and in every city of these States, inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or large that dents the water,
Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

Walt Whitman.

THE SINGLENESS OF FRIENDSHIP

ONCE a man came and knocked at the door of his friend.
His friend said, "Who art thou, O faithful one?"
He said, "'Tis I." He answered, "There is no admittance.
There is no room for the raw at my well-cooked feast.
Naught but fire and separation and absence
Can cook the raw one and free him from hypocrisy!
Since thy self has not yet left thee,
Thou must be burned in fiery flames."

The poor man went away, and for one whole year
Journeyed burning with grief for his friend's absence.
His heart burned till it was cooked; then he went again
And drew near to the house of his friend.
He knocked at the door in fear and trepidation
Lest some careless word should fall from his lips.
His friend shouted, "Who is that at the door?"
He answered, "'Tis thou who art at the door, O beloved!"
The friend said, "Since 'tis I, let me come in,
There is not room for two I's in one house."

Jelalud-din Rumi.

EXPERTO CREDE

MEN lean on pleasant staves for many years,
And gladly use them day by day;
So sweet the journey is, they have no fears
How long and weary is the way—

Until the staff is broken—then they know
How much they leant upon their friend;
And o'er the dull hard way they sadly go,
And speed them forward to the end.

E. H. Coleridge.

AS TOILSOME I WANDERED VIRGINIA'S WOODS

AS toilsome I wandered Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kicked by my feet (For 'twas autumn),
I marked at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat (easily all could I understand),
The halt of a midday hour, when up! no time to lose—yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawled and nailed on the tree by the grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life,
Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes the inscription rude in Virginia's woods,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Walt Whitman.

TO A DISTANT FRIEND

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fiber that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak! Though this soft, warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine:
Speak! that my torturing doubts their end may know!

William Wordsworth.

GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT, dear friends! I say good-night to thee
Across the moonbeams, tremulous and white,
Bridging all space between us, it may be.
Lean low, sweet friend; it is the last good-night.

For, lying low upon my couch, and still,
The fever flush evanished from my face,

I heard them whisper softly, "'Tis His will;
Angels will give her happier resting-place!"

And so from sight of tears that fell like rain,
And sounds of sobbing smothered close and low,
I turned my white face to the window-pane,
To say *good-night* to thee before I go.

Good-night! good-night! I do not fear the end,
The conflict with the billows dark and high;
And yet, if I could touch thy hand, my friend,
I think it would be easier to die;

If I could feel through all the quiet waves
Of my deep hair thy tender breath athrill,
I could go downward to the place of graves
With eyes ashine and pale lips smiling still;

Or it may be that, if through all the strife
And pain of parting I should hear thy call,
I would come singing back to sweet, sweet life,
And know no mystery of death at all.

It may not be. Good-night, dear friend, good-night!
And when you see the violets again,
And hear, through boughs with swollen buds awhite,
The gentle falling of the April rain,

Remember her whose young life held thy name
With all things holy, in its outward flight,
And turn sometimes from the busy haunts of men
To hear again her low good-night! good-night!

Hester A. Benedict.

DO YOU THINK OF ME?

Lætitia Elizabeth Landon wrote during her last voyage to the Cape, "Do you think of me as I think of you?"

"DO you think of me as I think of you,
My friends, my friends?" She said it from the sea,
The English minstrel in her minstrelsy,
While, under brighter skies than erst she knew,
Her heart grew dark, and groped there as the blind
To reach across the waves friends left behind—
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

It seemed not much to ask—"as *I* of *you?*"
We all do ask the same: no eyelids cover
Within the meekest eyes that question over:
And in the world the loving do
But sit (among the rocks?) and listen for
The echo of their own love evermore—
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

. . . . .

"Do you think of me as I think of you?"—
O friends, O kindred, O dear brotherhood
Of all the world! what are we that we should
For covenants of long affection sue?
Why press so near each other when the touch
Is barred by graves? Not much, and yet too much,
Is this, "Think of me as I think of you."

But while on mortal lips I shape anew
A sigh to mortal issues, verily

Above the unshaken stars that see us die
A vocal pathos rolls; and He who drew
All life from dust, and for all tasted death,
By death and life and love, appealing saith,
"*Do you think of me as I think of you?*"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

TO FIND A FRIEND

THE city's ways are not my ways, and never
Shall I to its demands be reconciled;
I walk amid its roar and rumble, dreaming,
A cool and careful man in outward seeming,
But in my heart a lost and lonely child.

I wear a mask, as you do and as all do,
To hide what none has time to comprehend;
A mask of settled purpose and of daring,
To hide how very little I am caring
For anything but just to find a friend.

Frank Putnam.

A FRIEND IN HEAVEN

I TRY to guess what radiance now
Is resting on that gentle brow,
Lovelier than shone upon it here;
What heavenly work thou hast begun,
What new immortal friendship won,
That make the life unseen so dear.

I do not think that any change
Could ever thy sweet soul estrange
From the familiar human ties;
Thou art the same, though inmost heaven
Its wisdom to thy thought has given,
Its beauty kindled in thine eyes.

The same to us, as warm, as true,
Whatever beautiful or new
With thy unhindered growth may blend;
Here, as life broadens, love expands;
How must it bloom in those free lands
Where thou dost walk, belovèd friend!

Lucy Larcom.

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The lighthouse,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,—
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE DEAREST FRIENDS ARE THE AULDEST FRIENDS

IT'S an owercome sooth for age an' youth
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends
And the young are just on trial.

There's a rival bauld wi' young an' auld
And it's him that has bereft me;
For the sürest friends are the auldest friends
And the maist o' mines hae left me.

There are kind hearts still, for friends to fill
And fools to take and break them;
But the nearest friends are the auldest friends
And the grave's the place to seek them.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

From "Complete Poems,"
Charles Scribner's Sons.

A FRIEND WENT THEN

HUSH! A friend went then!
Went with a tear of sorrow in his eye;
A friend too old to lose, too young to die.
Went at a hasty word of mine and hot,
Grieved in his inner heart and then—was not.
He lives and speaks with me, but naught beside,
My friend has died.

Hush! A friend passed on!
Passed on in silence, uncomplainingly,
Nor stopped to parry angry words with me.
Passed on, sore hurt, but keeping back his tears,
Passed on upon the stony way of years,
Well knowing me, but though he bows his head—
My friend is dead.

Hush! A friend is lost!
A sneer of mine, that cost me but a breath,
And fell my friend, sore wounded, to his death;
Nor made he any cry to tell the pain
He felt—just went and came not back again,
And though to-day again our pathways crossed,
My friend is lost.

Hush! A friend was slain
Just then—struck down in the broad light of day!
As fell a crime, I know, as ever lay
At murder's door—it cost me but a jeer
At him who craved my sympathy—a tear

I shed and bid him come to me in vain—
My friend is slain.

James W. Foley.

From "The Voices of Song,"
E. P. Dutton & Co.

TO SUNNYDALE

THERE lies the trail to Sunnydale,
Amid the lure of laughter.
Oh, how can we unhappy be
Beneath its leafy rafter!
Each perfect hour is like a flower,
Each day is like a posy.
How can you say the skies are grey?
You're wrong, my friend, they're rosy.

With right good will let's climb the hill,
And leave behind all sorrow.
Oh, we'll be gay! a bright to-day
Will make a bright to-morrow.
Oh, we'll be strong; the way is long
That never has a turning;
The hill is high, but there's the sky,
And how the West is burning!

And if through chance of circumstance
We have to go bare-foot, sir,
We'll not repine—a friend of mine
Has got no feet to boot, sir.
This Happiness a habit is,
And Life is what we make it:

See! there's the trail to Sunnydale!
Up, friend! and let us take it.

Robert W. Service.

From "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone,"
Copyright, 1912,
Dodd, Mead and Company.

THE MAKING OF FRIENDS

IF nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped us along,
If each every minute looked after himself and good things all went to the strong,
If nobody cared just a little for you, and nobody thought about me,
And we stood all alone to the battle of life, what a dreary old world it would be!

If there were no such thing as a flag in the sky as a symbol of comradeship here,
If we lived as the animals live in the woods, with nothing held sacred or dear,
And selfishness ruled us from birth to the end, and never a neighbor had we,
And never we gave to another in need, what a dreary old world it would be!

Oh! if we were rich as the richest on earth and strong as the strongest that lives,
Yet never we knew the delight and the charm of the smile which the other man gives,
If kindness were never a part of ourselves, though we owned all the land we could see,

And friendship meant nothing to all of us here, what a dreary old world it would be!

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made and the things which in common we share;
We want to live on not because of ourselves, but because of the people who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody else—on that all life's splendor depends,
And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up, is found in the making of friends.

Edgar A. Guest.

From "When Day Is Done,"
Copyright, 1921,
The Reilly & Lee Co.

MY FRIEND

"HE is my friend," I said,—
"Be patient!" Overhead
The skies were drear and dim;
And lo! the thought of him
Smiled on my heart—and then
The sun shone out again!

"He is my friend!" The words
Brought summer and the birds;
And all my winter-time
Thawed into running rhyme
And rippled into song,
Warm, tender, brave, and strong.

And so it sings to-day
So may it sing alway!
Though waving grasses grow

Between, and lilies blow
Their thrills of perfume clear
As laughter to the ear,
Let each mute measure end
With "Still he is thy friend."

James Whitcomb Riley.

From the Biographical Edition
Of the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley,
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RENDEZVOUS

I COUNT that friendship little worth
Which has not many things untold,
Great longings that no words can hold,
And passion-secrets waiting birth.

Along the slender wires of speech
Some message from the heart is sent;
But who can tell the whole that's meant?
Our dearest thoughts are out of reach.

I have not seen thee, though mine eyes
Hold now the image of thy face;
In vain, through form, I strive to trace
The soul I love: that deeper lies.

A thousand accidents control
Our meeting here. Clasp hand in hand,
And swear to meet me in that land
Where friends hold converse soul to soul.

Henry van Dyke.

From "The Poems of Henry van Dyke,"
Copyright, 1911,
Charles Scribner's Sons.

STORIES OF WONDERFUL FRIENDSHIPS

The fame of friendship which so long has told
Of three or four illustrious names of old.
—*Abraham Cowley.*

DAVID AND JONATHAN

The linking of the names of David and Jonathan as a symbol of friendship is proverbial. Difference in station, one was a shepherd youth and the other the son of a king, was no barrier to their love. Their attraction for each other was immediate—a sort of friendship at first sight. But it was an extraordinarily true one, and exemplified two noble qualities besides loyalty: sacrifice and duty. Jonathan sacrificed inheriting his father's crown in serving David; it was a supreme test of character for Jonathan to advance another into the kingship. But the "sweet singer of Israel" repaid such magnanimity by caring for Jonathan's son after Jonathan was slain (2 Sam. ix.), and fulfilled his duty to the house of Saul. The selections given here might be entitled: The Covenant of Friendship (1 Sam. xvii. 55-xviii. 4); Jonathan Restores David to Saul's Favor (1 Sam. xix. 1-7); Jonathan Saves David's Life, and the Friends Part (1 Sam. xx. 1-7, 16-23, 35-42); The Death of Jonathan and Saul (1 Sam. xxxi. 1-4); and David's Lament (2 Sam. i. 17, 23-27).

AND when Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said unto Abner, the captain of the host, Abner, whose son is this youth? And Abner said, As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell. And the king said, Enquire thou whose son the stripling is. And as David returned

from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand. And Saul said to him, Whose son art thou, thou young man? And David answered, I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite.

And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.

. . . . .

And Saul spake to Jonathan his son, and to all his servants, that they should kill David. But Jonathan, Saul's son, delighted much in David: and Jonathan told David, saying, Saul, my father, seeketh to kill thee: now therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning, and abide in a secret place, and hide thyself: And I will go out and stand beside my father in the field where thou art, and I will commune with my father of thee; and what I see, that I will tell thee. And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his father, and said unto him, Let not the king sin against his servant, against David; because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his works have been to thee-ward very good: For he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistine, and the Lord wrought a great salvation for all Israel: thou sawest it, and didst rejoice: wherefore

then wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause? And Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan: and Saul swore, As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain. And Jonathan called David, and Jonathan shewed him all those things. And Jonathan brought David to Saul, and he was in his presence, as in times past.

. . . . .

And David fled from Naioth in Ramah, and came and said before Jonathan, What have I done? What is mine iniquity? and what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life? And he said unto him, God forbid: thou shalt not die: behold, my father will do nothing either great or small, but that he will shew it me: and why should my father hide this thing from me? it is not so. And David sware moreover, and said, Thy father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved: but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death. Then said Jonathan unto David, Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee. And David said unto Jonathan, Behold, to-morrow is the new moon, and I should not fail to sit with the king at meat: but let me go, that I may hide myself in the field unto the third day at even. If thy father at all miss me, then say, David earnestly asked leave of me that he might run to Bethlehem his city: for there is a yearly sacrifice there for all the family. If he say thus, It is well; thy servant shall have peace: but if he be very wroth, then be sure that evil is determined by him. . . .

So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David,

saying, Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies. And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul. Then Jonathan said to David, To-morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark. And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, Go, find out the arrows. If I expressly say unto the lad, Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them; then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt; as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus unto the young man, Behold, the arrows are beyond thee; go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me for ever.

And it came to pass in the morning, that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David, and a little lad with him. And he said unto his lad, Run, find out now the arrows which I shoot. And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, Is not the arrow beyond thee? And Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master. But the lad knew not any thing: only Jonathan and David knew the matter. And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city. And as soon as the lad

was gone, David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever. And he arose and departed: and Jonathan went into the city.

. . . . .

Now the Philistines fought against Israel: and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons: and the Philistines slew Jonathan, and Abinadab, and Melchi-shua, Saul's sons. And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him: and he was sore wounded of the archers. Then said Saul unto his armorbearer, Draw thy sword, and thrust me through therewith; lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through, and abuse me. But his armorbearer would not; for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it.

. . . . .

And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son. . . . Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who

put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

The story of the wonderful friendship between Damon and Pythias (less frequently, though more properly, written Phintias) has come down to us from antiquity. The nobility of a loyalty and devotion such as theirs defies time and place, for it is eternal in its appeal to the loftiest of instincts and universal in its power to excite admiration. It is not known whether the Dionysius referred to in the account is "The Elder" (430-376 B.C.), or "The Younger" (395?-after 343 B.C.). Damon and Pythias were followers of the Greek philosopher Pythagoras, who flourished during the sixth century B.C. The story has been told many times; it is here given as recorded by Valerius Maximus, a Roman historical writer, who lived during the reign of Tiberius (42 B.C.-A.D. 37). The author is to be forgiven if the story excites him to slight moralizing at the close. It is of this friendship Theocritus wrote:

> Two men each other loved to that degree,
> That either friend did in the other see
> A dearer than himself. They lived of old,
> Both golden natures in an age of gold!

DAMON and Phintias, initiates in the Pythagorean mysteries, contracted so faithful a friendship toward each other, that when Dionysius of Syracuse intended to execute one of them, and he had obtained permission from

the tyrant to return home and arrange his affairs before his death, the other did not hesitate to give himself up as a pledge of his friend's return. He whose neck had been in danger was now free; and he who might have lived in safety was now in danger of death. So everybody, and especially Dionysius, were wondering what would be the upshot of this novel and dubious affair. At last, when the day fixed was close at hand, and he had not returned, everyone condemned the one who stood security, for his stupidity and rashness. But he insisted that he had nothing to fear in the matter of his friend's constancy. And indeed at the same moment and the hour fixed by Dionysius, he who had received leave, returned. The tyrant, admiring the courage of both, remitted the sentence which had so tried their loyalty, and asked them besides to receive him in the bonds of their friendship, saying that he would make his third place in their affection agreeable by his utmost goodwill and effort. Such indeed are the powers of friendship: to breed contempt of death, to overcome the sweet desire of life, to humanize cruelty, to turn hate into love, to compensate punishment by largess; to which powers almost as much veneration is due as to the cult of the immortal gods. For if with these rests the public safety, on those does private happiness depend; and as the temples are the sacred domiciles of these, so of those are the loyal hearts of men as it were the shrines consecrated by some holy spirit.

Translated from Valerius Maximus.

ORESTES AND PYLADES

One of the well-known friendships of ancient times is that between Orestes and Pylades. Told or referred to by a number of authors, the story is recorded in many more versions than that narrating the friendship between Damon and Pythias. And it is far less humanly appealing. The version as here given is simplified from several sources.

ORESTES (after the slaying of his father, Agamemnon, by his mother, Clytemnestra, and Ægisthus) was taken "to the house of Strophius, king of Phocis, who had married a sister of Agamemnon. He was tenderly treated by Strophius, who educated him with his son Pylades. The two young princes soon became close acquainted, and from their familiarity arose the most inviolable attachment and friendship. When Orestes arrived at manhood, he visited Mycenæ, and avenged his father's death by assassinating his mother, Clytemnestra, and Ægisthus." In this expedition of revenge he was accompanied by Pylades. After these murders he was persecuted by the Furies, and was informed by an oracle that deliverance from them was possible only by his bringing into Greece Diana's statue which was in the Taurica Chersonesus. "This was an arduous enterprise. The king of the Chersonesus always sacrificed on the altars of the goddess such as entered the borders of his country. Orestes and his friend Pylades were both carried before Thoas, king of the place, and doomed to be sacrificed. Iphigenia was then priestess of Diana's temple, and it was her office to immolate these strangers. The intelligence that they were Grecians delayed the preparations, and Iphigenia was anxious to learn something about

a country which had given birth to her. She interested herself in their misfortunes, and offered to spare the life of one of them, provided he would convey letters to Greece from her hand." Each of them wanted to save the other. "Orestes refused to take the letter, saying that Pylades was more worthy to carry it. 'For,' he said, 'the slaying of this man would be a great grief to me as I am the cause of these misfortunes.' And he added, 'Give the tablet to him for (turning to Pylades) I will send thee to Argos, in order that it may be well with thee; as for me, let anyone kill me who desires it.'" With true friendship, Pylades wished to sacrifice himself for Orestes.

"At last Pylades, yielding to the entreaties of his friend, consented to carry the letters of Iphigenia to Greece. These were addressed to Orestes himself, and these circumstances soon led to a discovery of the connections of the priestess with the man, whom she was going to immolate. Iphigenia was convinced that he was her brother Orestes, and when the causes of their journey had been explained, resolved, with the two friends, to fly from Chersonesus, and to carry away the statute of Diana. Their flight was discovered, and Thoas prepared to pursue them, but Minerva interfered, and told him that all had been done by the will and approbation of the gods. Some suppose that Orestes came to Cappadocia from Chersonesus, and there left the statue of Diana at Comana; some that Orestes brought it to Aricia, in Italy, where Diana's worship was established. After these adventures, Orestes ascended the throne of Argos, where he reigned in perfect security, and married Hermione, daughter of Menelaus, and gave his sister to his friend Pylades." *Selected.*

AMIS AND AMILE

Amis and Amile is "the great epic of friendship of the Middle Ages." It belongs to that extensive body of twelfth century literature, the French romances and legends; and as is the case with most of these tales, its authorship is unknown. It must be remembered that these pieces were recited, not *read;* and the narrator wisely avoided subtlety of incident and delicacy of character-drawing that would not carry over to the audience. And to appreciate the tale at all one must become something of a medievalist: he must have childish simplicity of faith—reason and science had not cast shadows of doubt upon the religion of the twelfth century—and naïve belief in the miraculous. If Amile's slitting the throats of his two children seems an exaggerated test of friendship, it must be realized that there is only a fine line between the preposterous and the sublime. The coming together of the two stone coffins must be accepted as a piece of supernaturalism. These two immortal friends were classed among the medieval saints. Space permits giving only the essential parts of *Amis and Amile;* the whole story is contained in *Aucassin & Nicollette and Other Mediæval Romances and Legends,* translated by Eugene Mason (Everyman's Library). This story is translated also by William Morris from *Bibliotheca Elzeviriana.*

IN the days of Pepin, King of the Franks, a boy was born in the Castle of Bericain to a father of Allemaigne, of noble descent and of great holiness. His father and mother, who had no other child, vowed to God and to St. Peter and St. Paul that if God vouchsafed him breath he should be carried to Rome for his baptism. At the same hour a vision was seen of the Count of Alverne—whose wife was near her day—in which he saw the Apostle of Rome, who baptised many children in his palace, and confirmed them with the anointing of holy oil. When the

Count awoke from his sleep he inquired of the wise men of those parts what this thing might mean. Then a certain wise old man, having heard his words, by the counsel of God made answer, and said—"Rejoice greatly, Count, for a son shall now be born to thee great in courage and in virtue, and thou shalt carry him to Rome, so that he may be baptized by the Apostle."

So the Count rejoiced in his heart, and he and his people praised the counsel of that ancient man. The child was born, and cherished dearly, and when he was of the age of two years his father prepared to carry him to Rome, according to his purpose. On his way he came to the city of Lucca, and there fell in with a certain nobleman of Allemaigne who was on pilgrimage to Rome, that there he might baptize his son. Each greeted the other, and inquired of his name and business; and when they knew they were in the like case, and bound on the same errand, they took each other as companion with a kind heart, and voyaged together to Rome. The two children, also, loved so dearly, that one would not eat save the other ate with him; so that they fed from the same dish, and lay in the one bed. In such manner as this the fathers carried the boys before the Apostle at Rome, and said to him—

"Holy Father, whom we believe and know to be seated in the chair of St. Peter the Apostle, we, the Count of Alverne, and the Chatelain of Castle Bericain, humbly pray your Holiness that you would deign to baptize the sons they have carried here from a distant land, and to accept this humble offering from their hands."

Then the Pope made answer—

"It is very meet to come with such a gift before me, but

of such I have no need. Give it, therefore, to the poor, who cry for alms. Right willingly will I baptize the children, and may the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost ever fold them close in the love of the Holy Trinity."

So at that one time the Apostle baptized the two children in St. Saviour's Church, and he gave to the son of the Count of Alverne the name of Amile, and to the son of the Chatelain of Castle Bericain gave he the name of Amis. Many a knight of Rome held them at the font, and answered in their name as god-parents, according to the will of God. Then, when the Sacrament of Baptism was at an end, the Apostle commanded to be brought two wooden cups, fair with gold and set with costly stones, of one workmanship, size and fashion, and these he handed to the children, saying—

"Take this gift in witness that I have baptized you in St. Saviour's Church."

So the knights received the cups with great joy, and rendered him grace for his gift, and parting from thence repaired each to his own home in all comfort and solace.

As these two children grew to manhood, they were so much alike in appearance that it was difficult to tell one from the other. When Amis was thirty years old his father died, and Amis was denied his inheritance and was driven from his gates by his own servants. With a few faithful followers he set out in search of Amile. Amile, however, at news of the death of Amis's father, had gone to seek his friend, and it was two years before they met each other. Amis during this mutual search had married the daughter of a nobleman who had given him shelter. After the two friends met, both served for a while at the Court of Charles, the King of France, Amis as treasurer and Amile as seneschal. Amile, by divine judgment because of his misconduct

with the Princess of France, would have been killed in a combat with Arderay, but Amis (who pretended to be Amile and who was innocent of Arderay's charges) killed Arderay and thereby saved his friend's life, and won for him the Princess of France as a wife. Later Amis became afflicted with leprosy, and his wife "sought his death many a time in shameful fashion." He was taken away by two of his men-at-arms who had remained faithful to him, and he journeyed to Rome. He was further afflicted by a great famine before he was brought back to Amile's castle where he was treated with great kindness by both Amile and his wife.

Now on a night when Amis and Amile lay together in a chamber, without other company, God sent Raphael, His angel, to Amis, who spake him thus—

"Amis, sleepest thou?"

And he, deeming that Amile had called him, answered—

"I sleep not, fair dear companion."

And the angel said to him—

"Thou hast well spoken, for thou art the companion of the citizens of Heaven, and like Job and Tobit hast suffered all things meekly and with patience. I am Raphael, an angel of our Lord, who am come to show thee medicine for thy healing, for God hath heard thy prayers. Thou must bid Amile, thy comrade, to slay his two children with the sword, and wash thee in their blood, that thus thy body may become clean."

Then Amis replied—

"This be far from me, that my comrade be blood-guilty for my health."

But the angel said—

"It is meet that he should do this thing."

On these words the angel departed from him.

Now Amile also, in his sleep, had heard these words, and he awoke, and said—

"Comrade, who is this who hath spoken to thee?"

And Amis answered that no man had spoken. "But I prayed our Lord, as is my wont."

But Amile said—

"It is not thus, but some one hath spoken with thee."

Then he rose from the bed, and went to the door of the chamber, and finding it fast, said—

"Tell me, fair brother, who hath said to thee these hidden words."

Then Amis began to weep bitterly, and denied not that it was Raphael, the angel of our Lord, who had said to him, "Amis, our Lord sends word to thee that thou biddest Amile to slay his two children with the sword, and to wash thee in their blood, that thou mayest be clean of thy leprosy."

And Amile was sorely distressed on hearing these words, and said—

"Amis, gladly have I given thee sergeant and damsel and all the riches that I had, and in fraud thou feignest that the angel hath bidden me to slay my two little ones with the sword."

Then Amis broke out into weeping, and said—

"I know that I have told thee of a grievous matter, but not of mine own free will; I pray thee therefore that thou cast me not forth from thy house."

And Amile answered him that the covenant he had made with him he would not depart from till the hour of death. "But I adjure thee by the faith between me and thee, and by our fellowship, and by the baptism given to us twain

at Rome, that thou tell me truly whether it was man or angel who spoke to thee of this thing."

And Amis made reply—

"So truly as the angel hath held converse with me this night, so may God make me clean of my infirmity."

Then Amile began to weep privily, and to consider within his heart. "If this man was willing to die in my stead before the King, why then should I not slay mine own for him! He hath kept faith with me even unto death: shall I not therefore keep faith with him! Abraham was saved by faith, and by faith have the saints proved mightier than kings. Yea, God saith in the Gospel, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.' "

Then Amile delayed no more, but went to his wife s chamber, and bade her to attend the Divine Office; so the Countess sought the church, as was her wont to do, and the Count took his sword and went to the bed where lay the children, and they were asleep. And bending above them he wept bitterly, and said—

"Hath any man heard of such father who was willing to slay his child? Alas, alas, my children, no longer shall I be your father, but your cruel murderer."

The children awoke because of their father's tears which fell upon them, and looking upon his face began to laugh. Since therefore they were about the age of three years he said to them—

"Your laughter will turn to tears, for now your innocent blood shall be shed."

He spoke thus, and cut off their heads; and making straight their limbs upon the bed, he set their heads to

their bodies, and covered all with the coverlet, as if they slept. So he washed his companion with the blood of that slaying, and said—

"Lord God, Jesus Christ, Who hast bidden men to keep faith on earth, and didst cleanse the leper with Thy word, deign Thou to make clean my comrade, for love of whom I have shed the blood of my children."

Straightway was Amis made whole of his leprosy, and they gave grace to our Lord with great joy, saying—

"Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who saveth those who put their trust in him."

And Amile clad his comrade from his own rich apparel; and passing to the church to render thanks in that place, the bells rang without ringers, as was the will of God. When the people of the city heard thereof they hastened to behold this marvel. Now the wife of the Count, when she saw the twain walking together, began to question which was her husband, and said, "Well I know the vesture which they wear, but which is Amile, that I know not," and the Count said—

"I am Amile, and this, my companion, is Amis, who is healed."

Then the Countess marvelled greatly, and said—

"Easy is it to see that he is healed, but much desire I to know the manner of that healing."

"Render thanks to our Lord," returned the Count, "nor seek curiously of the fashion of that cleansing."

The hour of tierce [1] was now come, and neither of the parents had yet entered in the chamber where the children lay, but the father went heavily for reason of their death.

[1] The third hour of the canonical day, ending at nine in the morning.

The Countess asked therefore for her sons that they might share in the joy, but the Count replied—

"Nay, dame, but let the children sleep."

Then entering by himself within the chamber to bewail his children, he found them playing in the bed; and about their necks, in the place of that mortal wound, showed as it were a crimson thread. So he clasped them in his arms, and bore them to their mother, saying—

"Dame, rejoice greatly, for thy sons whom I had slain with the sword, at the bidding of the angel, are alive, and by their blood is Amis cleansed and healed."

When the Countess heard this thing she said—

"Count, why was I not with thee to gather the blood of my children, that I too might have washed Amis, thy comrade and my lord?"

And the Count answered her—

"Dame, let be these words; rather let us dedicate ourselves to our Lord, who hath wrought such marvels in our house."

On the same day that Amis was healed the devil seized upon his wife, who had so cruelly cast him out when he became diseased with leprosy, "and breaking her neck, carried off her soul." Amis next laid siege to the castle of Bericain, and overcame the recreant servants who had expelled him at the time of his father's death. He forgave them, however, the many wrongs they had done him, and Amile's elder son came to live with him. Later, while serving with King Charles of France, who had gone to the aid of the Pope against Didier, King of the Lombards, both Amis and Amile were killed.

There, too, on that field died Amis and Amile, for as it had pleased God to make their lives lovely and pleasant

together, so in their deaths they were not divided. There also many another hardy knight was slain with the sword. . . . St. Albin, the Bishop of Angers, and many another bishop and abbot counselled the King and Queen that they should bury those who fell in that battle, and build in that place a church. This counsel greatly pleased the King, so that on the field were built two churches, one by bidding of Charles in honor of St. Eusebius of Verceil, and the other by bidding of the Queen in honor of St. Peter.

Moreover the King caused to be brought the two coffins of stone wherein were buried Amis and Amile, and Amile was carried to the church of St. Peter, and Amis to the church of St. Eusebius. But on the morrow the body of Amile in his coffin of stone was found in the church of St. Eusebius near by the coffin of his comrade, Amis. So have you heard the story of this marvellous fellowship which could not be dissevered even by death. This miracle did God for His servants—that God Who gave such power to His disciples that in His strength they might move even mountains. Because of this wonder the King and Queen tarried there for thirty days, giving fit burial to the bodies of the slain, and honoring those ministers with many rich gifts.

Translated by Eugene Mason.

FAMOUS PROSE WRITINGS ON FRIENDSHIP

ON FRIENDSHIP
(*De Amicitia*)

While Cicero was not the first person to treat of friendship—Homer had told of the noble friendship between Achilles and Patroclus, and Plato had devoted the whole dialogue of the *Symposium* to the peculiar institution of friendship existing among the Greeks and had given it consideration in the *Phædrus*—his is the foremost name among the ancients associated with the subject. Lælius is here represented as discussing the topic with his two sons-in-law, Fannius and Scævola, the former addressed by Lælius as Caius Fannius and the latter as Quintus Mucius. Gaius Lælius, to whom was applied the title Sapiens because of his wisdom and acumen in handling practical affairs, was a valiant soldier, an able speaker and writer, and an ardent exponent of Greek learning and Stoic philosophy. The occasion for this conversation was the recent death of Lælius's intimate friend, Scipio (sometimes called Africanus in the discussion). This Scipio was the adoptive son of P. Cornelius Scipio, who was the son of the famous Africanus. The conversation is represented as having taken place in 129 B.C.

While in the form of a dialogue, *De Amicitia* is in reality a conversational and expository essay. There is no debate on the subject—Fannius and Scævola are merely auditors who three or four times ask Lælius to continue his views. These colorless interruptions serve to visualize for the reader that the discussion actually took place; the auditors do not contribute a single opinion nor do they even give direction to the conversation. Only the

introduction, which gives the setting, a few minor illustrations drawn from more or less obscure persons in Roman history, and the unessential remarks by Fannius and Scævola are omitted from *De Amicitia* as given here.

Cicero believes that friendship is possible only among the virtuous, but he does not base virtue upon a humanly unattainable wisdom. Social ties are stronger as they are nearer to us. Except wisdom, friendship is the best gift bestowed upon man. We can realize the power of friendship by observing what its opposites, quarrelsomeness and the like, do. Cicero debates whether or not friendship is based upon advantage or love, and decides that its origin is the latter, for those who need least assistance from each other are the best friends. He next gives the reasons why friendships often do not continue to the end of life. A fault is not excusable on the ground that it is committed for the sake of a friend. It is difficult for friendship to continue when virtue has been vitiated; we must expect from a friend only what is honorable. It is right that we receive and give good advice. Nor should we refuse friendship because it may entail care and responsibility. While friendship is not based upon need, it is well that friends sometimes require service from each other. Cicero believes that the rich and powerful can have few friends.

The great Roman next considers the three accepted limits of friendship, none of which does he fully approve. He refutes the statement that we should treat our friends as though they were some day to become our enemies, and he counter-affirms that we should take as friends only those whom we could never hate. Cicero, with understandable humanity and none of Emerson's austerity, believes that it is right to deviate slightly from the straight path to save a friend's life or reputation, but he denies that it is right to descend to the doing of extreme infamy for the sake of a friend. We should not make friends impetuously, but should carefully test them; nor should we cultivate them for ulterior purposes.

Sincerity, as the basis of steadfastness and constancy, is the first requisite of friendship, and the second is a complete absence of suspicion. To these should be added politeness and good

nature. There is no conflict between old and new friends; we should have both, for there is no satiety in friendship. Cicero believes in the equality of friends—the superior should share their excellences with the inferior, but the inferior should not grieve because they are surpassed by the superior. But one must not confer on friends more advancements than they can bear. Cicero realizes the sad fact that by change of tastes and pursuits we outgrow our early friends. He next discusses the proper ways to terminate an undesirable friendship. This should be done with dignity and finality, and every effort should be made to avoid bickerings and quarrels after friendship has ceased. But termination will never be necessary if we do not love hastily or unworthily. One should himself be good and seek another like himself for a friend. Between such the relation is perfect. Friendship does not allow free indulgence in lusts and sins; true friendship is the handmaid of virtue. The benefit of friendship is the one thing upon which all humanity is agreed. Cicero does not share Emerson's and Thoreau's belief in the value of solitude.

The many occasions of suspicion and offense should be either ignored or borne with. While good advice may be taken amiss, it is better so than to allow a friend to be precipitated into ruin. But advice must be free from bitterness, and reproof unattended by insult. Advice is a great benefit of friendship; its bane is adulation and flattery, for these vitiate truth without which friendship is impossible. Cicero closes the discourse with an iteration of his belief in virtue. The virtue in Scipio still lives for Lælius although Scipio is dead. (In this connection it may be well to compare the close of Thoreau's essay.) They had shared all things in life, and the memory of his dead friend is to Lælius a blessing. He had known the joy and satisfaction of a noble friendship based on virtue.

While Lælius is represented as speaking about friendship, it must be understood that he is the mouthpiece through whom Cicero expressed his own views on the subject. Cicero wrote *De Amicitia* in 44-43 B.C., immediately after his famous *De Senectute* (*On Old Age*). While Cicero in none of his writings originated anything, he did give an excellent exposition of many of the doctrines

of the Stoics. To them Virtue was the *summum bonum* of existence, and Cicero insists upon it as the basis of all friendship. It is impossible that a translation should preserve the excellent qualities of Cicero's prose; but this standard one, made by Cyrus R. Edmunds over a century ago, is in clear and idiomatic English. It is sad to acknowledge but useless to discuss the fact that Cicero in his own life did not always measure up to his own ideals of friendship. In spite of personal deficiencies, he is not only the greatest Latin prose writer but one of the world's outstanding philosophers and orators; and *De Amicitia,* though one of the earliest writings on friendship, remains in many ways the most comprehensive, satisfying, and judicious treatment of the subject.

AS to what may be said on the subject of friendship, I recommend you to seek it from those who profess such things.[1] I can only urge you to prefer friendship to all human possessions; for there is nothing so suited to our nature, so well adapted to prosperity or adversity. But first of all, I am of opinion, that except among the virtuous, friendship can not exist: I do not analyze this principle too closely, as they do who inquire with too great nicety into those things, perhaps with truth on their side, but with little general advantage; for they maintain that there is no good man but the wise man. Be it so; yet they define wisdom to be such as no mortal has ever attained to: whereas we ought to contemplate those things which exist in practice and in common life, and not the subjects of fictions or of our own wishes. . . . We are so formed by nature, that there should be a certain social tie among all; stronger, however, as each approaches nearer to us. Accordingly, citizens are preferable to foreigners, and relations to

[1] This refers to the Greek sophists who professed to improvise upon any subject whatever.

strangers; for with the latter, nature herself has created a friendly feeling, though this has not sufficient strength. For in this respect friendship is superior to relationship, because from relationship benevolence can be withdrawn, and from friendship it can not: for with the withdrawal of benevolence the very name of friendship is done away, while that of relationship remains. Now how great the power of friendship is, may be best gathered from this consideration, that out of the boundless society of the human race, which nature herself has joined together, friendship is a matter so contracted, and brought into so narrow a compass, that the whole of affection is confined to two, or at any rate to very few.

Now friendship is nothing else than a complete union of feeling on all subjects, divine and human, accompanied by kindly feeling and attachment; than which, indeed, I am not aware whether, with the exception of wisdom, any thing better has been bestowed on man by the immortal gods. Some men prefer riches, others good health, others influence, others again honors, many prefer even pleasures: the last, indeed, is the characteristic of beasts; while the former are fleeting and uncertain, depending not so much on our own purpose, as on the fickleness of fortune. Whereas those who place the supreme good in virtue, therein do admirably; but this very virtue itself both begets and constitutes friendship; nor without this virtue can friendship exist at all. Now let us define this virtue according to the usage of life, and of our common language; and let us not measure it, as certain learned persons do, by pomp of language; and let us include among the good those who are so accounted—

the Paulli, the Catos, the Galli, the Scipios, and the Phili;[2] with these men ordinary life is content: and let us pass over those who are nowhere found to exist. Among men of this kind, therefore, friendship finds facilities so great that I can scarcely describe them. In the first place—to whom can life be "worth living," as Ennius[3] says, who does not repose on the mutual kind feeling of some friend? What can be more delightful than to have one to whom you can speak on all subjects just as to yourself? Where would be the great enjoyment in prosperity, if you had not one to rejoice in it equally with yourself? And adversity would indeed be difficult to endure, without some one who would bear it even with greater regret than yourself. In short, all other objects that are sought after, are severally suited to some one single purpose: riches, that you may spend them; power, that you may be courted; honors, that you may be extolled; pleasures, that you may enjoy them; good health that you may be exempt from harm, and perform the functions of the body. Whereas friendship comprises the greatest number of objects possible: wherever you turn yourself, it is at hand; shut out of no place, never out of season, never irksome; and therefore we do not use fire and water, as they say, on more occasions than we do friendship. And I am not now speaking of common-place or ordinary friendship (though even that brings delight and benefit), but of real and true friendship, such as belonged to those of whom very few are recorded; for prosperity

[2] Noted persons in Roman history.

[3] Cicero frequently quoted this Latin poet, who wrote, in heroic verse, eighteen books of the Annals of the Roman Republic. He was born at Rudii, in Calabria; was an intimate friend of Cato and Scipio; and died about 170 B. C.

friendship renders more brilliant; and adversity more supportable, by dividing and communicating it.

And while friendship embraces very many and great advantages, she undoubtedly surpasses all in this, that she shines with a brilliant hope over the future, and never suffers the spirit to be weakened or to sink. Besides, he who looks on a true friend, looks as it were upon a kind of image of himself: wherefore friends, though absent, are still present; though in poverty, they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive; so entirely does the honor, the memory, the regret of friends attend them; from which circumstance, the death of the one seems to be happy, and the life of the other praiseworthy; nay, should you remove from nature the cement of kind feelings, neither a house nor a city will be able to stand; even the cultivation of the land will not continue. If it be not clearly perceived how great is the power of friendship and concord, it can be distinctly inferred from quarrels and dissensions; for what house is there so established, or what state so firmly settled, that may not utterly be overthrown by hatred and dissension? from which it may be determined how much advantage there is in friendship. They relate, indeed, that a certain learned man of Agrigentum [4] promulgated in Greek verses the doctrine, that all things which cohere throughout the whole world, and all things that are the subjects of motion, are brought together by friendship, and are dispelled by discord; and this principle all men understand, and illustrate by their conduct. Therefore, if at any time

[4] Empedocles, who wrote a poem on the doctrines of Pythagoras. He flourished about 444 B. C.

any act of a friend has been exhibited, either in undergoing or in sharing dangers, who is there that does not extol such an act with the highest praise? What shouts of applause were lately heard through the whole theater, on the occasion of a new play by my guest and friend, Marcus Pacuvius, when the king, being ignorant which of them was Orestes, Pylades said he was Orestes, that he might be put to death instead of him; but Orestes, as was the fact, solemnly maintained that he was the man? They stood up and applauded in an imaginary case; what must we suppose they would have done in a real one. Nature herself excellently asserted her rightful power, when men pronounced that to be rightly done in another, which they could not do themselves. . . .

After very often, then, reflecting on the subject of friendship, this question seems to me especially worthy of consideration, whether friendship has become an object of desire, on account of weakness or want, so that by giving and receiving favors, each may receive from another, and mutually repay, what he is himself incapable of acquiring. Or whether this is only a property of friendship; while there is another cause, higher and nobler and more directly derived from nature herself? For love (from which friendship takes its name) is the main motive for the union of kind feelings: for advantages truly are often derived from those who are courted under a pretense of friendship, and have attention paid them for a temporary purpose. In friendship there is nothing false, and nothing pretended; and whatever belongs to it is sincere and spontaneous. Wherefore friendship seems to me to have sprung rather from nature than from a sense of want, and more from an attachment of the mind with a certain feeling of affec-

tion, than from a calculation how much advantage it would afford. And of what nature indeed it is, may be observed in the case of certain beasts; for they love their offspring up to a certain time, and are loved by them in such a way that their emotions are easily discovered. And this is much more evident in man. In the first place, from that affection which subsists between children and parents, which can not be destroyed without detestable wickedness: next, where a similar feeling of love has existed, if we have met with any one with whose character and disposition we sympathize, because we appear to discover in him a certain effulgence as it were of integrity and virtue. For nothing is more amiable than virtue, nothing which more strongly allures us to love it, seeing that because of their virtue and integrity we can in a certain degree love those whom we have never seen. . . .

Now if such be the influence of integrity, that we love it even in those whom we have never seen, and, what is much more, even in an enemy, what wonder if men's feelings are affected when they seem to discover the goodness and virtue of those with whom they may become connected by intercourse? although love is confirmed by the reception of kindness, and by the discovery of an earnest sympathy, and by close familiarity; which things being added to the first emotion of the mind and the affections, there is kindled a large amount of kindly feeling. And if any imagine that this proceeds from a sense of weakness, so that there shall be secured a friend, by whom a man may obtain that which he wants, they leave to friendship a mean indeed, and, if I may so speak, any thing but respectable origin, when they make her to be born of indigence and want; were this the

case, then in proportion as a man judged that there were the least resources in himself, precisely in that degree would he be best qualified for friendship: whereas the fact is far otherwise. For just as a man has most confidence in himself, and as he is most completely fortified by worth and wisdom, so that he needs no one's assistance, and feels that all his resources reside in himself; in the same proportion he is most highly distinguished for seeking out and forming friendships. For what did Africanus want of me? nothing whatever; nor indeed did I need aught from him: but I loved him from admiration of his excellence; he in turn perhaps was attached to me from some high opinion which he entertained of my character, and association fostered our affection. But although many and great advantages ensued, yet it was not from any hope of these that the cause of our attachment sprang: for as we are beneficent and liberal, not to exact favor in return (for we are not usurers in kind actions), but by nature are inclined to liberality, thus I think that friendship is to be desired, because the whole of its profit consists in love only. From such opinions, they who, after the fashion of beasts, refer every thing to pleasure, widely differ: and no great wonder, since they can not look up to any thing lofty, magnificent, or divine who cast all their thoughts on an object so mean and contemptible. Therefore let us exclude such persons altogether from our discourse; and let us ourselves hold this opinion, that the sentiment of loving, and the attachment of kind feelings, are produced by nature, when the evidence of virtue has been established; and they who have eagerly sought the latter, draw nigh and attach themselves to it, that they may enjoy the friendship and character of the

individual they have begun to love, and that they may be commensurate and equal in affection, and more inclined to confer a favor than to claim any return. And let this honorable struggle be maintained between them: so not only will the greatest advantages be derived from friendship, but its origin from nature rather than from a sense of weakness, will be at once more impressive and more true. For if it were expediency that cemented friendships, the same when changed would dissolve them; but because nature can never change, therefore true friendships are eternal. Thus you see the origin of friendship. . . .

Listen, then, my excellent friends, to the discussion which was very frequently held by me and Scipio on the subject of friendship; although he indeed used to say that nothing was more difficult than that friendship should continue to the end of life; for it often happened, either that the same course was not expedient to both parties, or that they held different views of politics: he also remarked that the characters of men often changed; in some cases by adversity, in others by old age becoming oppressive; and he derived an authority for such notions from a comparison with early life, because the strongest attachment of boys are constantly laid aside with the prætexta;[5] even if they should maintain it to manhood, yet sometimes it is broken off by rivalry, for a dowried wife, or some other advantage, which they can not both attain. And even if men should be carried on still further in their friendship, yet that feeling is often undermined, should they fall into rivalry for preferments; for there is no greater enemy to friendship

[5] The white robe bordered with purple worn by a Roman boy before he put on the garment indicating manhood (toga virilis) and by a girl until her marriage.

than covetousness of money, in most men, and even in the best, an emulous desire of high offices and glory; in consequence of which the most bitter enmities have often arisen between the dearest friends. For great dissensions, and those in most instances, justifiable, arise, when some request is made of friends which is improper; as, for instance, that they should become either the ministers of their lust or their supporters in the perpetration of wrong; and they who refuse to do so, it matters not however virtuously, yet are accused of discarding the claims of friendship by those persons whom they are unwilling to oblige; but they who dare to ask any thing of a friend, by their very request seem to imply that they would do any thing for the sake of that friend; by the complaining of such persons, not only are long-established intimacies put an end to, but endless animosities are engendered. All these many causes, like so many fatalities, are ever threatening friendship, so that he said, to escape them all, seemed to him a proof not merely of wisdom, but even of good fortune.

Wherefore let us first consider if you please, how far love ought to proceed in friendship. . . . It is no excuse for a fault, that you committed it for a friend's sake; for since the belief in another's excellence was that which conciliated friendship, it is hard for friendship to continue when you have apostatized from virtue. Now if we shall lay it down as right, either to concede to friends whatever they wish, or to obtain from them whatever we wish, we must have indeed consummate wisdom, if such a course leads to no vice. . . .

Let this, therefore, be established as a primary law concerning friendship, that we expect from our friends only

what is honorable, and for our friends' sake do what is honorable; that we should not wait till we are asked; that zeal be ever ready, and reluctance far from us; but that we take pleasure in freely giving our advice; that in our friendship, the influence of our friends, when they give good advice, should have great weight; and that this be employed to admonish not only candidly, but even severely, if the case shall require, and that we give heed to it when so employed; for, as to certain persons, whom I understand to have been esteemed wise men in Greece, I am of opinion that some strange notions were entertained by them; but there is nothing which they do not follow up with too great subtlety: among the rest, that excessive friendships should be avoided, lest it should be necessary for one to feel anxiety for many; that every one has enough, and more than enough, of his own affairs; that to be needlessly implicated in those of other people is vexatious; that it was most convenient to hold the reins of friendship as loose as possible, so as either to tighten or slacken them when you please; for they argue, that the main point toward a happy life is freedom from care, which the mind can not enjoy if one man be, as it were, in travail for others. Nay, they tell us that some are accustomed to declare, still more unfeelingly (a topic which I have briefly touched upon just above), that friendships should be cultivated for the purpose of protection and assistance, and not for kind feeling or affection; and therefore the less a man possesses of independence, and of strength, in the same degree he most earnestly desires friendships; that thence it arises that women seek the support of friendship more than men, and the poor more than the rich, and persons in distress, rather

than those who are considered prosperous. Admirable philosophy! for they seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we receive nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful: for what is this freedom from care?—in appearances, indeed, flattering; but, in many cases in reality to be disdained. Nor is it reasonable to refuse to undertake any honorable matter or action lest you should be anxious, or to lay it aside when undertaken; for if we fly from care, we must fly from virtue also; for it is impossible that she can, without some degree of distress, feel contempt and detestation for qualities opposed to herself; just as kind-heartedness for malice, temperance for profligacy, and bravery for cowardice. Accordingly you see that upright men are most distressed by unjust actions; the brave with the cowardly; the virtuous with the profligate: and, therefore, this is the characteristic of a well-regulated mind, both to be well pleased with what is excellent, and to be distressed with what is contrary. Wherefore, if trouble of mind befall a wise man (and assuredly it will, unless we suppose that all humanity is extirpated from his mind), what reason is there why we should altogether remove friendship from life, lest because of it we should take upon ourselves some troubles? for what difference is there (setting the emotions of the mind aside), I do not say between a man and a beast, but between a man and a stone, or log, or any thing of that kind? For they do not deserve to be listened to, who would have virtue to be callous, and made of iron, as it were; which indeed is, as in other matters, so in friendship also, tender and susceptible; so that friends

are loosened, as it were, by happy events, and drawn together by distresses.

Wherefore the anxiety which has often to be felt for a friend, is not of such force that it should remove friendship from the world, any more than that the virtues, because they bring with them certain cares and troubles, should therefore be discarded. For when it produces friendship (as I said above), should any indication of virtue shine forth, to which a congenial mind may attach and unite itself—when this happens, affection must necessarily arise. For what is so unmeaning as to take delight in many vain things, such as preferments, glory, magnificent buildings, clothing and adornment of the body; and not to take an extreme delight in a soul endued with virtue, in such a soul as can either love, or (so to speak) love in return? for there is nothing more delightful than the repayment of kindness, and the interchange of devotedness and good offices. Now if we add this, which may with propriety be added, that there is nothing which so allures and draws any object to itself as congeniality does friendship; it will of course be admitted as true that the good must love the good, and unite them to themselves, just as if connected by relationship and nature; for nothing is more apt to seek and seize on its like than nature. Wherefore this certainly is clear, Fannius and Scævola, (in my opinion), that among the good a liking for the good is, as it were, inevitable; and this indeed is appointed by nature herself as the very fountain of friendship. But the same kind disposition belongs also to the multitude; for virtue is not inhuman, or cruel, or haughty, since she is accustomed to protect even whole nations, and to adopt the best measures for their

welfare, which assuredly she would not do did she shrink from the affection of the vulgar. And to myself, indeed, those who form friendships with a view to advantage, seem to do away with its most endearing bond; for it is not so much the advantage obtained through a friend, as the mere love of that friend, which delights; and then only what has proceeded from a friend becomes delightful, if it has proceeded from zealous affection: and that friendship should be cultivated from a sense of necessity, is so far from being the case, that those who, being endowed with power and wealth, and especially with virtue (in which is the strongest support of friendship), have least need of another, are most liberal and generous. Yet I am not sure whether it is requisite that friends should never stand in any need; for wherein would any devotedness of mine to him have been exerted, if Scipio had never stood in need of my advice or assistance at home or abroad? Wherefore friendship has not followed upon advantage, but advantage on friendship.

Persons, therefore, who are wallowing in indulgence, will not need to be listened to if ever they shall descant upon friendship, which they have known neither by experience nor by theory. For who is there, by the faith of gods and men, who would desire, on the condition of his loving no one, and himself being loved by none, to roll in affluence, and live in a superfluity of all things? For this is the life of tyrants, in which undoubtedly there can be no confidence, no affection, no steady dependence on attachment; all is perpetually mistrust and disquietude—there is no room for friendship. For who can love either him whom he fears, or him by whom he thinks he himself is feared? Yet are they courted, solely in hypocrisy, for a time; because, if

perchance (as it frequently happens) they have been brought low, then it is perceived how destitute they were of friends. And this, they say, Tarquin[6] expressed; that when going into exile, he found out whom he had as faithful friends, and whom unfaithful ones, since then he could no longer show gratitude to either party; although I wonder that, with such haughtiness and impatience of temper, he could find one at all. And as the character of the individual whom I have mentioned could not obtain true friends, so the riches of many men of rank exclude all faithful friendship; for not only is fortune blind herself, but she commonly renders blind those whom she embraces. Accordingly such persons are commonly puffed up with pride and insolence, nor can any thing be found more intolerable than a fortunate fool. And thus, indeed, one may observe, that those who before were of agreeable character, by military command, by preferment, by prosperity, are changed, and old friendships are despised by them, and new ones cherished. For what can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things which are procured by money—horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases—and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life, if I may so speak; for while they are procuring those things, they know not for whom they are procuring them, nor for whose sake they are laboring. For every one of these things belongs to him who is most powerful, whereas the possession of his friendships is preserved to every one steadfast and secure; so that if those

[6] Tarquinius, the seventh and last king of Rome. After a reign of twenty-five years, he was expelled because of the rape of Lucretia. This occurred about 509 B. C.

things are preserved which are, as it were, the gifts of fortune, yet a life unadorned and abandoned by friends can not possibly be happy. But on this head enough.

But it is required to lay down what limits there are in friendship, and, as it were, what bounds of loving, concerning which I see three opinions held, of none of which I approve:—the first, that we should be affected toward a friend in the same manner as toward ourselves; the second, that our good-will toward our friends should exactly and equally answer to their good-will toward us; the third, that at whatever value a man sets himself, at the same he should be estimated by his friends. To none of these three opinions do I entirely assent. For the first one is not true, that as a man feels toward himself so he should be disposed toward his friend. For how many things, which for our own sake we should never do, do we perform for the sake of our friends? To ask favors of unworthy persons, to supplicate them, to inveigh bitterly against any one, and to accuse him with great vehemence, which in our own cases can not be done creditably, in the case of our friends are most honorably done; and there are many cases in which good men subtract many things from their own interests, or allow them to be subtracted, that their friends, rather than themselves, may enjoy them. The second opinion is that which limits friendship to an equality of kind actions and kind wishes: this is indeed to reduce friendship to figures too minutely and penuriously, so that there may be a balance of received and paid. True friendship seems to be far too rich and affluent for that, and not to observe, narrowly, lest it should pay more than it receives: nor need it be feared lest any thing should be lost or fall

to the ground, or lest more than what is fair should be accumulated on the side of friendship. But the third limitation is most detestable, that at whatever value a man sets on himself, at that value he should be estimated by his friends; for often, in certain persons, either their spirit is too humble, or their hope of improving their condition too desponding; it is not, therefore, the part of a friend to be toward him what he is to himself; but rather to use every effort, and to contrive to cheer the prostrate spirit of his friend, and to encourage better hopes and thoughts. Therefore I must lay down some other limit of true friendship, as soon as I shall have stated what Scipio was accustomed above all things to reprehend. He used to declare that no speech could be found more hostile to friendship, than his who had said that a man ought so to love as if one day he would come to hate.[7] Nor, indeed, could he be induced to believe that this, as was supposed, was said by Bias,[8] who was considered one of the seven wise men; but that it was the opinion of some wicked or ambitious man, or one who sought to bring every thing under his own power. For in what manner can any one be a friend to him to whom he thinks he may possibly become an enemy? Moreover, it will follow that he desires and wishes his friend to do wrong as often as possible, that he may afford him, as it were, so many handles for reproach. And, again, at the right conduct and advantage of his friends he will necessarily be tormented, grieved, and jealous. Wherefore this precept, to whomsoever it belongs, is powerful only for the destruction of friendship. This, rather, should have

[7] An idea expressed in the Ajax of Sophocles.
[8] One of the seven wise men of Greece; he flourished about 570 B. C.

been the precept, that we should employ such carefulness in forming our friendships, that we should not any time begin to love the man whom we could ever possibly hate. Moreover, if we have been but unfortunate in our selection, Scipio was of opinion that this should be submitted to, rather than that a time of alienation should ever be contemplated.

I think, therefore, we must adopt these limitations, that when the character of friends is correct, then there should be a community between them of all things, of purpose and of will, without any exception; so that, even if by any chance it has happened that the less honorable wishes of our friends have to be forwarded, in which either their life is concerned, or their reputation, then you may decline a little from the straight path, provided only extreme infamy do not follow; for there is a point to which indulgence may be granted to friendship: yet reputation must not be disregarded; nor ought we to esteem the good-will of our fellow-countrymen as an engine of small value in the administration of the state, although to seek it by fawning and flattering is mean indeed; yet virtue, on which affection is consequent, should by no means be rejected. But frequently (for I return to Scipio, the whole of whose discourse was concerning friendship) he used to complain, that in all other things men were comparatively careful; so that every man could tell how many goats or how many sheep he possessed, yet how many friends he had he could not tell; and in procuring the former, men employed carefulness, while in selecting their friends they were negligent, nor had they, as it were, any signs or marks by which they determined who were suited for friendship. The steadfast,

then, and the steady, and the consistent are to be selected, of which class of persons there is a great scarcity; and, in truth, it is difficult for any one to judge, unless after he is experienced. Now the trial must be made in actual friendship; thus friendship outstrips judgment, and removes the power of making experiments. It is the part, therefore, of a prudent man, to check the impetus of his kindly feeling as he would his chariot, that we may have our friendships, like our horses, fully proved, when the character of our friends has been in some measure tested. Of some, it is often discovered in small sums of money how void of worth they are. Some, whom a small sum could not influence, are discovered in the case of a large one. But, even if some shall be found who think it sordid to prefer money to friendship, where should we find those who do not place above friendship high dignities, magistracies, military command, civil authorities, and influence? so that, when on the one side these objects have been proposed, and the claim of friendship on the other, they would not far prefer the former. For nature is too weak to despise the possession of power; for, even if they have attained it by the slighting of friendship, they think the act will be thrown into the shade, because friendship was not overlooked without strong grounds. Therefore real friendships are found with most difficulty among those who are invested with high offices, or in business of the state. For where can you find the man who would prefer his friend's advancement to his own? And why? For to pass over these matters, how grievous, how impracticable to most men does participation in afflictions appear! to which it is not

easy to find the man who will descend. Although Ennius [9] truly says, "A sure friend is discerned in an unsure matter." Yet these two charges of inconstancy and of weakness condemn most men: either in their prosperity they despise a friend, or in his troubles they desert him.

He who, therefore, shall have shown himself in both cases as regards friendship, worthy, consistent, and steadfast; such a one we ought to esteem of a class of persons extremely rare, nay, almost godlike. Now, the foundation of that steadfastness and constancy, which we seek in friendship, is sincerity. For nothing is steadfast which is insincere. Besides, it is right that one should be chosen who is frank, and good-natured, and congenial in his sentiments; one, in fact, who is influenced by the same motives; all which qualities have a tendency to create sincerity. For it is impossible for a wily and tortuous disposition to be sincere. Nor in truth can the man who has no sympathy from nature, and who is not moved by the same considerations, be either attached or steady. To the same requisites must be added, that he shall neither take delight in bringing forward charges, nor believe them when they arise; all which causes belong to that consistent principle, of which now for some time I have been treating. Thus the remark is true, which I made at first, that friendship can only exist among the good: for it is the part of a good man (whom at the same time we may call a wise man) to observe these two rules in friendship: first, that there shall be nothing pretended or simulated (for even to hate openly better becomes the ingenuous man, than by his looks to conceal his sentiments); in the next place, that

[9] See footnote 3.

not only does he repel charges when brought (against his friends) by any one, but is not himself suspicious, ever fancying that some infidelity has been committed by his friend. To all this there should be added a certain urbanity of conversation and manners, affording as it does no inconsiderable zest to friendship. Now solemnity and gravity on all occasions, certainly, carry with them dignity; but friendship ought to be easier and more free and more pleasant, and tending more to every kind of politeness and good nature.

But there arises on this subject a somewhat difficult question; whether ever new friends, if deserving friendship, are to be preferred to old ones, just as we are wont to prefer young colts to old horses? a perplexity unworthy of a man; for there ought to be no satiety of friendship as of other things: every thing which is oldest (as those wines which bear age well) ought to be sweetest; and that is true which is sometimes said, "many bushels of salt must be eaten together," before the duty of friendship can be fulfilled. But new friendships, if they afford a hope that, as in the case of plants which never disappoint, fruits shall appear, such are not to be rejected; yet the old one must be preserved in its proper place, for the power of age and custom is exceedingly great; besides, in the very case of the horse, which I just mentioned, if there is no impediment, there is no one who does not more pleasurably use that to which he is accustomed than one unbroken and strange to him; and habit asserts its power, and habit prevails, not only in the case of this, which is animate, but also in the cases of those things which are inanimate, since we take delight in the very mountainous or woody scenery among which we

have long dwelt. But it is of the greatest importance in friendship that the superior should be on an equality with the inferior. . . . This conduct should be adopted and imitated by all, so that if they have attained to any excellence in worth, genius, or fortune, they should communicate them with their friends, and share them with their connections; so that if men have been born of humble parentage, or if they have kinsmen less powerful than themselves, either in mind or in fortune, they should increase the consequence of such persons, and be to them a source of credit and of dignity; as in works of fiction, they who for some time, through ignorance of their origin and descent, have been in a state of servitude, when they have been discovered and found out to be the sons of gods or kings, yet retain their affection for the shepherds, whom for many years they looked upon as their parents. And this assuredly is much rather to be observed in the case of parents that are real and undoubted. For the fruit of talent, and worth, and every excellence, is gathered most fully when it is bestowed on every one most nearly connected with us.

As therefore those who are superior in the connection of friendship and of union, ought to put themselves on a level with their inferiors; so ought the inferiors not to grieve that they are surpassed by their friends either in genius, or fortune, or rank: whereas most of them are always either complaining of something, or even breaking out into reproaches; and so much the more if they think they have any thing which they can say was done by them in an obliging and friendly manner with some exertion on their part. A disgusting set of people assuredly they are who

are ever reproaching you with their services; which the man on whom they are conferred ought indeed to remember, but he who conferred them ought not to call them to mind. Wherefore, as those who are superior ought in the exercise of friendship to condescend; so, in a measure, they ought to raise up their inferiors. For there are some persons who render friendships with them annoying, while they fancy they are slighted: this does not commonly happen except to those who think themselves liable to be slighted; and from this belief they require to be relieved, not only by your professions but by your actions. Now, first of all, so much advantage is to be bestowed on each as you yourself can produce; and in the next place, as much as he whom you love and assist can bear; for you could not, however eminent you might be, bring all your friends to the very highest honor; just as Scipio had power to make Publius Rutulius consul, but could not do the same for his brother Lucius: indeed, even if you have the power to confer what you please on another, yet you must consider what he can bear. On the whole, those connections only can be considered as friendships, when both the dispositions and age have been established and matured. Nor, when persons have been in early life attached to hunting or tennis, are they bound to make intimates of those whom at that time they loved, as being endowed with the same taste: for on that principle, our nurses and the tutors of our childhood, by right of priority, will claim the greatest part of our affection; who, indeed, should not be neglected, but possess our regard in some other manner: otherwise friendships could not continue steadfast. For dissimilar habits and dissimilar pursuits ensue; the dissimilarity of which severs friend-

ships: it is for no other cause that the good can not be friends of the worthless, or the worthless of the good; but that there is between them the greatest difference that can subsist of characters and pursuits. For in friendships this precept may be properly laid down, not to let ill-regulated affection (as often is the case) thwart and impede the great usefulness of friends: nor in truth (to revert to fiction) could Neoptolemus[10] have taken Troy if he had been inclined to listen to Lycomedes, with whom he had been brought up, when with many tears he sought to prevent his journey: and often important occasions arise, so that you must bid farewell to your friends; and he who would hinder them, because he can not easily bear the regret for their loss, such an one is both weak and effeminate by nature, and on that ground unjust in his friendship. And in every case it is necessary to consider, both what you would ask of a friend, and what favor you would permit to be obtained from yourself.

There is a kind of calamity also, sometimes inevitable, in the discarding of friendships. For at length our discourse descends, from the intimacies of the wise, to ordinary friendships. The faults of friends often break out as well on the friends themselves as on strangers; and yet the disgrace of such persons must redound to their friends: such friendships therefore must be dissolved by the intermission of intercourse, and (as I have heard Cato say) should be ripped rather than rent; unless some intolerable sense of wrong has been kindled, so that it is neither right, nor creditable, nor possible that an estrangement and separation

[10] This is the surname of Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. It was decreed by the fates that Troy could not be taken without his assistance. He came to Troy during the last year of its siege.

should not take place immediately. But if any change of character or pursuits (as commonly happens) shall have taken place, or quarrel arisen with respect to political parties (for I speak now, as I observed a little before, not of the friendships of the wise but of such as are ordinary), we should have to be cautious, lest not only friendships be found to be laid aside, but even animosity to have been incurred; for nothing can be more disgraceful than to be at war with him with whom you have lived on terms of friendship. From his friendship with Quintus Pompey,[11] Scipio had withdrawn himself on my account (as you know); moreover, on account of the dissension which existed in the republic, he was estranged from my colleague Metellus;[12] on both occasions he acted with dignity and decision, and with an offended but not bitter feeling. Wherefore, in the first place, pains must be taken that there be no alienation of friends; but if aught of the kind shall have occurred, that that friendship should seem rather to have died away than to have been violently destroyed. In truth we must take care lest friendship turn into bitter hostilities; from which quarrels, hard language, and insults are produced, and yet if they shall be bearable, they must be borne; and thus much honor should be paid to an old friendship, that he shall be in fault who inflicts the injury, and not he who suffers it. On the whole, against all such faults and inconveniences there is one precaution and one provision, that we should not begin to love too hastily, nor love unworthy persons. Now they are worthy of friendship in whom there exists a reason why they should be

[11] A consul, who waged war against the Numantines.
[12] A Roman general among whose exploits were the defeat of the Achæans and the invasion of Macedonia.

loved; a rare class (for in truth all that is excellent is rare); nor is aught more difficult than to find any thing which in every respect is perfect of its kind: but most men recognize nothing as good in human affairs but what is profitable; and with their friends, as with cattle, they love those most especially from whom they hope they will receive most advantage; and thus they are destitute of that most beautiful and most natural friendship, which is desirable for itself and of itself; nor do they exemplify to themselves what and how powerful this quality of friendship is. For every one loves himself, not that he may exact from himself some reward of his affection, but that, for his own sake, every one is dear to himself. And unless this same principle be transferred to friendship, a true friend will never be found; for such an one is, as it were, a second self. Now, if this is apparent in beasts, birds, fishes, creatures of the field, tame and wild, that first they love themselves (for the principle is alike born with every living thing); in the next place, that they seek out and desire some creatures of the same species to which they may unite themselves, and do this with desire, and with a kind of resemblance to human love; how much more naturally does this take place in man by nature, who not only loves himself, but seeks for another whose soul he may so mingle with his own, as almost to create one person out of two?

Yet most men, perversely, not to say shamelessly, desire to have a friend such as they themselves are unable to be; and allowances which they themselves make not for their friends, they require from them. Now, the fair thing is, first that a man himself should be good, and then that he should seek another like to himself. Among such persons,

there may be established that solidity of friendship which I have long been treating on; when men are united by benevolent feeling, they will first of all master those passions to which others are slaves; next, they will take pleasure in equity and justice, and the one will undertake every thing for the other; nor will the one ever ask of the other any thing but what is honorable and right: nor will they only mutually regard and love each other, but even have a feeling of respect; for he removes the greatest ornament of friendship, who takes away from it respect. Accordingly, there is a pernicious error in those who think that a free indulgence in all lusts and sins is extended in friendship. Friendship was given us by nature as the handmaid of virtues, and not as the companion of our vices: that since, alone and unaided, virtue could not arrive at the highest attainments, she might be able to do so when united and associated with another; and if such a society between any persons either exists or has existed, or is likely to do so, their companionship is to be esteemed, in respect of the chief good in life, most excellent and most happy. This, I say, is that association in which all things exist which men deem worthy the pursuit—reputation, high esteem, peace of mind, and cheerfulness; so that where these blessings are present, life is happy, and without these can not be so. And whereas this is the best and highest of objects, if we would gain it, attention must be paid to virtue; without which we can neither obtain friendship nor any thing worthy of pursuit: indeed, should this be disregarded, they who think they possess friends, too late find that they are mistaken, when some grievous misfortune compels them to make the trial. Wherefore (for I must say it again and

again) when you have formed your judgment, then it behooves you to give your affections; and not when you have given your affections, then to form the judgment; but while in many cases we suffer for our carelessness, so especially in choosing and cultivating friends; for we adopt a preposterous plan, and set about doing what has been already done, which we are forbidden by the old proverb to do. For, being entangled on every side, either by daily intercourse or else by kind offices, suddenly, in the middle of our course, on some offense arising, we break off our friendships altogether.

Wherefore so much the more is this great negligence to be blamed in a matter of the highest necessity. For friendship is the only point in human affairs, concerning the benefit of which, all with one voice agree; although by many virtue herself is despised, and is said to be a mere bragging and ostentation. Many persons despise riches; for, being content with a little, moderate food and a moderate style of living delights them; as to high offices, in truth, with the ambitious desire of which some men are inflamed, how many men so completely disregard them that they think nothing is more vain and more trifling: and likewise there are those who reckon as nothing other things which to some men seem worthy of admiration: concerning friendship, all to a man have the same opinion. Those who have devoted themselves to political affairs, and those who find pleasure in knowledge and learning, and those who transact their own affairs at their leisure, and lastly, those who have given themselves wholly up to pleasure, feel that without friendship life is nothing, at least if they are inclined in any degree to live respectably; for somehow or

other, friendship entwines itself with the life of all men, nor does it suffer any mode of spending our life to be independent of itself. Moreover, if there is any one of such ferocity and brutality of nature that he shuns and hates the intercourse of mankind, such as we have heard that one Timon [13] was at Athens; yet even he can not possibly help looking out for some one on whom he may disgorge the venom of his ill-nature. And this would be most clearly decided if something of this kind could happen—that some god should remove us from the crowded society of men, and place us somewhere in solitude, and there supplying us with abundance and plenty of all things which nature requires, yet should take from us altogether the opportunity of seeing a human being; who would then be so insensible that he could endure such a life, and from whom would not solitude take away the enjoyment of all pleasure? Accordingly, there is truth in that which I have heard our old men relate to have been commonly said by Archytas of Tarentum,[14] and I think heard by them from others their elders, that if any one could have ascended to the sky, and surveyed the structure of universe, and the beauty of the stars, that such admiration would be insipid to him; and yet it would be most delightful if he had some one to whom he might describe it. Thus nature loves nothing solitary, and always reaches out to something, as a support, which ever in the sincerest friend is most delightful.

But while nature declares by so many indications what she likes, seeks after, and requires; yet we turn, I know

[13] Popularly known as the Misanthrope because of his hatred of society. He is the subject of one of Shakespeare's minor plays.

[14] A Pythagorean philosopher; he was also an able geometrician and an astronomer. He perished in a shipwreck about 394 B. C.

not how, a deaf ear, nor do we listen to those admonitions which we receive from her. For the intercourse of friendship is various and manifold, and many occasions are presented of suspicion and offense, which it is the part of a wise man sometimes to wink at, sometimes to make light of, or at others to endure. This one ground of offense must be mitigated in order that truth and sincerity in friendship may be preserved; for friends require to be advised and to be reproved: and such treatment ought to be taken in a friendly spirit, when it is kindly meant. But somehow or other it is very true, what my dear friend Terence [15] says in his Andria: "Complaisance begets friends, but truth ill-will." Truth is grievous, if indeed ill-will arises from it, which is the bane of friendship. But complaisance is much more grievous, because it allows a friend to be precipitated into ruin, by yielding to his faults. But the greatest of all faults is chargeable on him who disregards truth, and thus by complaisance is led into dishonesty. Accordingly, in managing this whole matter, carefulness and diligence must be employed: first, that our advice may be free from bitterness, and next, that reproof may be unattended by insult: in our complaisance, however (since I gladly adopt the saying of Terence), let there be a kindness of manner, let flattery, however, the handmaid of vices, be far removed, since it is not only unworthy of a friend, but even of a free man: for you live after one fashion with a tyrant, after another with a friend. Now where a man's ears are shut against the truth, so that he can not hear the truth from a

[15] A writer of Latin comedies, who died about 159 B. C. While he is said to have translated over a hundred comedies of the poet Menander, only six are extant. Andria is one of Terence's comedies. Terence was a friend of the elder Scipio Africanus and of Lælius.

friend, the welfare of such a one is to be despaired of: for the following remark of Cato is shrewd, as many of his are, "that bitter enemies deserve better at the hands of some, than those friends who seem agreeable: that the former often speak the truth, the latter never." And it is an absurd thing, that those who receive advice, do not experience that annoyance which they ought to feel, but feel that from which they ought to be free; for they are not distressed because they have done wrong; but take it amiss that they are rebuked: whereas, on the contrary, they ought to be sorry for their misconduct, and to be glad at its correction.

As, therefore, both to give and to receive advice is the characteristic of true friendship, and that the one should perform his part with freedom but not harshly, and the other should receive it patiently and not with recrimination; so it should be considered that there is no greater bane to friendship than adulation, fawning, and flattery. For this vice should be branded under as many names as possible, being that of worthless and designing men, who say every thing with a view of pleasing, and nothing with regard to truth. Now while hypocrisy in all things is blamable (for it does away with all judgment of truth, and adulterates truth itself), so especially is it repugnant to friendship, for it destroys all truth, without which the name of friendship can avail nothing. For since the power of friendship consists in this, that one soul is as it were made of many, how could that take place if there should not be in any one a soul, one and the same always, but fickle, changeable, and manifold? For what can be so pliant, so inconsistent, as the soul of that man, who veers not only to the feel-

ings and wishes, but even to the look and very nod of another. . . .

It is virtue, virtue I say, Caius Fannius, and you, Quintus Mucius that both wins friendship and preserves it; for in it is found the power of adapting one's self to circumstances, and also steadfastness and consistency; and when she has exalted herself and displayed her own effulgence, and hath beheld the same and recognized it in another, she moves toward it, and in her turn receives that which is in the other; from which is kindled love or friendship, for both derive their name from loving; for to love is nothing else than to be attached to the person whom you love, without any sense of want, without any advantage being sought; and yet advantage springs up of itself from friendship, even though you may not have pursued it. . . . And since the course of our life and nature is so directed that a new period is ever arising, it is especially to be wished that with those comrades with whom you set out, as it were, from the starting, with the same you may, as they say, arrive at the goal. But, since human affairs are frail and fleeting, some persons must ever be sought for whom we may love, and by whom we may be loved; for when affection and kind feeling are done away with, all cheerfulness likewise is banished from existence. To me, indeed, though he was suddenly snatched away, Scipio still lives, and will always live; for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished: and not before my eyes only is it presented, who ever had it in possession, but even with posterity it will be illustrious and renowned; for never shall any undertake any high achievements with spirit and hope, without feeling that the memory and the character of that

man should be placed before him. Assuredly, of all things that either fortune or nature has bestowed on me, I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio. In it I had concurrence in politics, and in it advice for my private affairs. In it also, I possessed a repose replete with pleasure. Never in the slightest degree did I offend him, at least so far as I was aware; never did I myself hear a word from him that I was unwilling to hear: we had one house between us, the same food, and that common to both; and not only service abroad, but even our traveling and visits to the country were in common. For what need I say of our constant pursuits of knowledge and learning, in which, retired from the eyes of the world, we spent all our leisure time? Now, if the recollection and memory of these things had died along with him, I could in no wise have borne the loss of that most intimate and affectionate friend; but these things have not perished, yea, they are rather cherished and improved by reflection and memory; and even if I were altogether bereft of them, yet would age itself bring me much comfort, for I can not now very long suffer these regrets. Now all afflictions, if brief, ought to be tolerable, howsoever great they may be. Such are the remarks I had to make on friendship. But as for you, I exhort you to lay the foundations of virtue, without which friendship can not exist, in such a manner that, with this one exception, you may consider that nothing in the world is more excellent than friendship.

Marcus Tullius Cicero.

OF FRIENDSHIP

One of the best known writings on friendship is by the French philosopher and essayist, Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592?). A large part of this essay is devoted to a description of his friendship with Stephen de la Boëtie. William Hazlitt, in his *Life of Montaigne,* gives an account of this friendship: "The most important event of his counsellor's life at Bordeaux was the friendship which he there formed with Stephen de la Boëtie, an affection which makes a streak of light in modern biography almost as beautiful as that left us by Lord Brook and Sir Philip Sydney. Our essayist and his friend esteemed, before they saw, each other. La Boëtie had written a little work in which Montaigne recognized sentiments congenial with his own, and which indeed bespeak a soul formed in the mould of classic times. Of Montaigne, la Boëtie had also heard accounts, which made him eager to behold him, and at length they met at a large entertainment given by one of the magistrates of Bordeaux. They saw and loved, and were thenceforward all in all to each other. The picture that Montaigne in his essays draws of this friendship is in the highest degree beautiful and touching; nor does la Boëtie's idea of what is due to this sacred bond betwixt soul and soul fall far short of the grand perception which filled the exalted mind of his friend."

It is natural that a man's philosophical ideas should be a result of his experiences in life. Montaigne's friendship with Stephen de la Boëtie was one of those rare and perfect relationships in which two persons are completely lost in each other. It was almost inevitable that Montaigne should take his friendship with la Boëtie as the standard for all friendships.

This essay explains that the loftiest friendship is not possible between parent and child because of the disparity in their ages and viewpoints; brothers are such only by the accident of birth, and the antagonism of their interests precludes their having this ideal friendship; lovers are not joined by friendship but by passion, which is likely to be as fickle as it is violent; our many so-called friends are in reality only acquaintances, for true friendship is so all-absorbing that it is humanly possible to have

but one real friend. Montaigne realizes that a friendship such as his comes to only a few; it is a phenomenon in any age; indeed, he surmises that it has something of the miraculous about it—it seems heaven-sent. In having it, one possesses the greatest blessing in life; when it is lost, there is little in life worth having. It is to be doubted whether such an intense, yet narrowing, friendship is, for the great body of mankind, any more desirable than it is possible. It is debatable whether a person should ever so lose himself in a friend that he is only a part of a man in himself. The question, however, is academic rather than practical, for only a few men in all history have united in such a burning, all-absorbing friendship. And surely the essay can be followed by all of us to the extent of making our friendships deeper and more loyal than most of them are.

THERE is nothing to which nature seems so much to have inclined us as to society; and Aristotle says that the good Legislators had more respect to friendship than to justice. Now the most supreme point of its perfection is this: for generally all those friendships that pleasure, profit, public or private interest create and nourish, are so much the less generous and so much the less friendships, by how much they mix another cause and design than simple and pure friendship itself. Neither do the four ancient kinds of friendships—natural, social, hospitable, and venerean—either separately or jointly, make up a true and perfect friendship. That of children to parents is rather respect: friendship being nourished by communication, which cannot, by reason of the great disparity, be betwixt them: but would rather perhaps violate the duties of nature; for neither are all the secret thoughts of fathers fit to be communicated to children, lest it beget an indecent familiarity betwixt them; neither can the advices, and re-

proofs, which are the principal offices of friendship, be properly performed by the son to the father. . . . The name of brother does indeed carry with it an amicable and affectionate sound, and for that reason, he [Stephen de la Boëtie] and I termed one another sworn brother. But the complication of interest, the division of estates, and that the raising of the one should be the undoing of the other, does strangely unnerve and slacken the bonds of blood brothers; and they pursuing their fortune and advancement by the same path, 'tis hardly possible, but they must of necessity often jostle and hinder one another. Besides, why is it necessary that the correspondence of manners, parts, and inclinations, which beget these true and perfect friendships, should always meet and concur in these relations? The father and the son may be of quite contrary humors, and brothers without any manner of sympathy in their natures. He is my son, he is my brother, or he and I are cousin-germans; but he is passionate, ill natured, or a fool. And moreover, by how much these are friendships that the law and natural obligation impose upon us, so much less is there of our own choice and voluntary freedom. Whereas that voluntary liberty of ours [Montaigne's and Stephen de la Boëtie's] has nothing but that of affection and friendship, properly its own. Not that I have not in my own person experienced all that can possibly be expected of that kind [friendship by blood], having had the best and most indulgent father, even to an extreme old age, that ever was, and who was himself descended from a family, for many generations famous and exemplary for brotherly concord.

We are not here to bring the love we bear to women,

though it be an act of our own choice, into comparison; nor rank it with the others, the fire of which, I confess, is more active, more eager, and more sharp; but withal, 'tis more precipitous, fickle, moving and inconstant: a fever subject to intermission, and paroxysms, that has seized but on one part, one corner of the building; whereas in friendship, 'tis a general and universal fire, but temperate, and equal, a constant established heat, all easy and smooth, without poignancy or roughness. Moreover, in love, 'tis no other than frantic desire for that which flies from us. . . .

For the rest, those we commonly call friends and friendships, are nothing but acquaintance and familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some design, by means of which there happens some little intercourse betwixt our souls: but in the friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one piece, with so universal a mixture, that there is no more sign of the seam by which they were first conjoined. If a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved him, I find it could no otherwise be expressed than by making answer, because it was he, because it was I. There is more than I am able to explain; I know not what inexplicable and fatal power brought on this union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our affections than in reason mere reports should do, I think by some secret appointment of heaven, we embraced one another by our names; and at our first meeting, which was accidentally at a great city entertainment, we found our selves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endeared betwixt our selves, that from thenceforward nothing was so near to us as one another.

He wrote an excellent Latin satire, which I since printed, wherein he excuses the precipitation of our intelligence, so suddenly come to perfection, saying, that destined to have so short continuance, as being begun so late (for we were both full grown men, and he some years the older) there was no time to lose; nor was it to be made to conform to the example of those slow and regular friendships that require so many precautions of a long preliminary conversation. This [our friendship] has no other idea than that of itself: it is no one particular consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a thousand: 'tis I know not what quintessence of all this mixture, which, seizing my whole will, carried it to plunge and lose it self in his, and that having seized his whole will, brought it back with equal concurrence and appetite, to plunge and lose it self in mine. I may truly say, lose, reserving nothing to our selves, that was either his or mine. . . . Our souls have drawn so unanimously together, and we have with so mutual a confidence laid open the very bottom of our hearts to one another's view, that I not only know his as well as my own, but should certainly in any concern of mine, have trusted my interest much more willingly with him, than with myself. Let no one therefore rank other common friendships with such a one as this. I have had as much experience in these, as another, and of the most perfect of their kind: but I do not advise that any should confound the rules of the one and the other; for they would then find themselves much deceived. In those other ordinary friendships, you are to walk with a bridle in your hand, with prudence and circumspection, for in them the knot is not so sure that a man may not half suspect it will slip. "Love him," said

Chilo, "so, as if you were one day to hate him; and hate him so, as you were one day to love him." A precept, that though abominable in the soveraign and perfect friendship which I intend, is nevertheless very sound as to the practice of the ordinary ones now in fashion, and to which the saying that Aristotle had so frequent in his mouth, "O my friends, there is no friend," may very fitly be applied. . . .

This perfect friendship I speak of is indivisible, every one gives himself so entirely to his friend that he has nothing left to distribute to others: but on the contrary, is sorry that he is not double, treble, or quadruple, and that he has not many souls and many wills, to confer them all upon this one subject. Common friendships will admit of division, one may love the beauty of this, the good humor of that person, the liberty of the third, the paternal affection of the fourth, the fraternal love of a fifth, and so of the rest. But this friendship that possesses the whole soul, and there rules and sways with an absolute sovereignty, can possibly admit of no rival. If two at the same time should call to you for succor, to which of them would you run? Should they require of you contrary offices; how could you serve them both? Should one commit a thing to your secrecy, that it were of importance to the other to know, how would you disingage your self? A singular and particular friendship disunites and dissolves all other obligations whatsoever. The secret I have sworn not to reveal to any other, I may without perjury communicate to him who is not another, but my self. 'Tis miracle enough certainly, for a man to double himself, and those that talk of tripling, talk they know not of what. Nothing is extreme that has

its like. He who shall presuppose that of two I love one as much as the other, that they love one another too, and love me as much as I love them, makes a multiplication in friendship, the most single and united of all things, and wherein moreover, one alone, is the hardest thing in the world to find. . . .

The ancient Menander accounted him to be happy that had the good fortune to meet with but the shadow of a friend; and doubtless he had good reason to say so, especially if he spoke from experience; for in good earnest, if I compare all the rest of my life, though, thanks be to God, I have always passed my time pleasantly enough, and at my ease, and the loss of such a friend excepted, free from any grievous affliction, and in great tranquillity of mind, having been contented with my natural and original conveniences, without being solicitous after others; if I should compare it all, I say, with the four years I had the happiness to enjoy the sweet society of this excellent man; 'tis nothing but smoke, but an obscure and tedious night, from the day that I lost him. I have led only a sorrowful and languishing life; and the very pleasures that present themselves to me, instead of administering any thing of consolation, double my affliction for his loss. We were halves throughout, and to that degree, that methinks, by out-living him, I defraud him of his part. I was so accustomed to be always his second in all places, and in all interests too, that methinks, I am no more than half a man, and have but half a being. There is no action or imagination of mine wherein I do not want him; I know that his advice and assistance would be useful to me: for as he

surpassed me by infinite degrees in virtue and all other accomplishments, so he also did in all offices of friendship.

Montaigne.

OF FRIENDSHIP

Few writers have said more in less space than Francis Bacon. If his *Essays* are sometimes difficult reading, it is not because the thought lacks clearness but because it is so compressed that the mind has to struggle to grasp the full meaning. But they always offer ample reward for any mental tussle to which they put the reader.

"Of Friendship" is typical of Bacon's *Essays*. Its points—the three fruits of friendship—stand out in the bold outline of a lawyer's brief; there are casual Greek and Latin references; many sentences are long and some are involved; the illustrations are drawn from familiar and homely sources; the wisdom is of the practical, pragmatic kind; and the direct advice lays some stress upon the desirability of worldly success.

This essay can be outlined with conciseness. The introductory paragraph states that man is social and gregarious by nature, and that an unnatural seeking of solitude is the mark of the beast in him and not an evidence of the divine in him. The first fruit of friendship is the sharing of the emotions, the essence of which is expressed in the statement that friendship "redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs." The second fruit is that a man clarifies his thoughts in expressing them to a friend and he may receive excellent advice from a friend. The third fruit is that friends can be mutually helpful to each other, for there are many things a friend is able to do for a person which that person cannot do, or at least cannot do gracefully, for himself.

While Bacon's ideas of friendship lack the lofty idealism of Emerson's, they come much nearer being an expression of the relation of friends in a workaday world. To Emerson, that he *had* a friend was enough; to Bacon, friends should be of reciprocal advantage to each other. This does not mean that Bacon

advised that friends be cultivated for the ulterior purpose of getting something out of them. His ideas of friendship are utilitarian but not mercenary. And whatever else may be said for or against Bacon's ideas, it would be difficult to deny that they are not the essence of common sense.

IT had been hard for him [1] that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words, than in that speech, *Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god.* For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards [2] society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides [3] the Candian, Numa [4] the Roman, Empedocles [5] the Sicilian, and Apollonius [6] of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth [7] with it a little, *Magna civitas, magna solitudo;* [8] because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellow-

[1] Aristotle, in *Politics*, i. 2.
[2] aversion for
[3] A Cretan poet who was said to have slept for fifty-seven years in a cave.
[4] Reputed to have been instructed in a sacred grove by the Muse Egeria.
[5] Mentioned as an example in this connection because he surrounded himself with mystery.
[6] A noted ascetic.
[7] agrees
[8] A great town is a great solitude.

ship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere [9] and miserable solitude to want [10] true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza[11] to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers [12] of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum [13] for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession. . . .

The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true; *Cor ne edito*, "Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable [14] (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth

[9] complete
[10] lack
[11] sarsaparilla
[12] flour
[13] a secretion of the beaver used in medicine
[14] wonderful

the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that is, in truth, of [15] operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchymists use [16] to attribute to their stone [17] for man's body; that it worketh all [18] contrary effects, but still [19] to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of [20] alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression: and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections.[21] For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles [22] to

[15] in its
[16] are accustomed
[17] The philosopher's stone by which they hoped to turn all metals into gold or silver.
[18] wholly
[19] ever, always
[20] calling upon (a law term)
[21] feelings
[22] An Athenian statesman and soldier (514?-449 B. C.).

the King of Persia, *that speech was like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.* Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel: (they indeed are best); but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate [23] himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar [24] observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus [25] saith well in one of his enigmas, *Dry light is ever the best.* And certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as [26] there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The

[23] disclose or unbosom
[24] common
[25] A Greek philosopher (about 500 B. C.).
[26] so that

calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes unproper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men, *that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor.*[27] As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters;[28] or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond[29] and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers. One, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with

[27] features
[28] The number in the alphabet when J and U are identified with I and V.
[29] foolish

good meaning), and mixed partly by mischief and partly of remedy: even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind; and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast [30] and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, *that a friend is another himself;* for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time,[31] and die many times in desire of [32] some things which they principally take to heart; [33] the bestowing of a child,[34] the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted

[30] consider
[31] appointed or destined time
[32] frequently die while still desiring
[33] have set their heart upon
[34] that is, in marriage

to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth [35] with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless: I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part: if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

Francis Bacon.

ON FRIENDSHIP

Number sixty-eight of the *Spectator* (May 18, 1711) is devoted to the subject of friendship. As in many of the *Spectator* essays, the groundwork is apt and suggestive quotation. Addison and Steele, the two chief contributors to the *Spectator,* were not men of great originality, but they had catholicity of taste, extensive acquaintance with polite literature and with illustrative lore of the past, and ease and gracefulness in presenting their ideas. Besides the direct quotations, other parts of this essay are reminiscent of earlier writers, but Addison antedates Emerson in the belief that the best conversation is not in crowds but between two friends. To the established qualifications of a good friend, Addison suggests one other, evenness of disposition, a quality naturally admired in an age of powdered wigs and courtly behavior.

[35] suiteth, fiteth

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straightened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative; but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully[1] was the first who observed that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and, indeed, there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits

[1] Marcus Tullius Cicero.

as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean the little apocryphal treatise entitled, *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.* How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behavior; and laid down that precept which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, that we should have many well-wishers, but few friends. "Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand." [2] With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends! And with what strokes of nature, I could almost say of humor, has he described the behavior of a treacherous and self-interested friend! "If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach." Again, "Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face." What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? "Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends." In the next words he particularises one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of

[2] This and the following quotations are from Ecclesiasticus in The Apocrypha.

friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. "A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is unvaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbor (that is his friend) be also." I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer: "Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure." With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of friendship: "Whoso casteth a stone at the birds frayeth[3] them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favor. If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart." We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances

[3] frighteneth

and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace[4] and Epictetus.[5] There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: "Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou betrayest his secrets, follow no more after him; for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shall not get him again: follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be reconciliation, but he that betrayeth secrets, is without hope."

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and as Cicero calls it, *Morum Comitas*, 'a pleasantness of temper.' If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behavior. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill humor breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a

[4] Latin poet (65-8 B. C.).
[5] Roman Stoic (60?-120?).

very pretty picture of one of this species in the following epigram:

> Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
> Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.
>
> In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
> Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
> Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
> There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who, by these changes and vicissitudes of humor, is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious; and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

Joseph Addison.

ON FRIENDSHIP

The following extract is from one of the lesser essayists of the *Spectator,* Eustace Budgell. It is essay number three hundred and eighty-five, and appeared May 22, 1712.

FRIENDSHIP is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons, to promote the good and happiness of one another. Though the pleasures and advantages of friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem; so, on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's ability, we can never raise ourselves to the warmths of friendship, without an affectionate good-will towards his person.

Friendship immediately banishes envy, under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue. . . .

A friendship which makes the least noise, is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one. . . .

A likeness of inclinations in every particular is so far from being requisite to form a benevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest friendships to have been contracted between persons of different humors; the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments. Besides that, a man in some measure supplies his own defects, and fancies himself, at second-hand, possessed of those good qualities and endowments, which are in the possession of him who, in the eye of the world, is looked on as his other self.

The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his own faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves, as for his own advantage. The reproaches, therefore, of a friend, should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent desire of pleasing in the person reproved, may otherwise change into a despair of doing it, while he finds himself censured for faults he is not conscious of. A mind that is softened and humanized by friendship, cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it must quite sink under the oppression, or abate considerably of the value and esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper business of friendship is to inspire life and courage; and a soul thus supported, outdoes itself; whereas, if it be unexpectedly deprived of these succors, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inexcusable, if we violate our duties to a friend, than to a relation; since the former arise from a voluntary choice, the latter from a necessity to which we could not give our own consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a treasure, which was once in his possession.

Eustace Budgell.

A DISCOURSE OF THE NATURE, OFFICES AND MEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP, WITH RULES OF CONDUCTING IT.

In this letter "to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katharine Philips," Jeremy Taylor, one of the best known divines of the seventeenth century, explains his ideas on friendship. Bishop Taylor had a remarkably clear mind; the lucidity and logicality of his reasoning may be seen even from the few extracts it is possible to give from his Discourse. He naturally considers friendship in its relation to Christianity. A similar treatment of the subject was made a few years ago by Henry Churchill King in *The Laws of Friendship: Human and Divine.*

TO your question, "How far a dear and perfect friendship is authorized by the principles of Christianity," the answer is ready and easy: It is warranted to extend to all mankind; and the more we love, the better we are; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God. Let them be as dear, and let them be as perfect, and let them be as many as you can; there is no danger in it; only where the restraint begins, there begins our imperfection. It is not ill that you entertain brave friendships and worthy societies: it were well if you could love and if you could benefit all mankind; for I conceive that is the sum of all friendship.

I confess this is not to be expected of us in this world; but, as all our graces here are but imperfect, that is, at the best they are but tendencies to glory, so our friendships are imperfect too, and but beginnings of a celestial friendship by which we shall love every one as much as they can be loved. But then so we must here in our proportion; and indeed that is it that can make the difference; we must

be friends to all, that is, apt to do good, loving them really, and doing to them all the benefits which we can, and which they are capable of. The friendship is equal to all the world, and of itself hath no difference; but is differenced only by accidents, and by the capacity or incapacity of them that receive it. . . .

The effect of this consideration is, that the universal friendship of which I speak, must be limited, because we are so. In those things where we stand next to immensity and infinity, as in good wishes and prayers, and a readiness to benefit all mankind, in these our friendships must not be limited; but in other things which pass under our hand and eye, our voices and our material exchanges; our hands can reach no further but to our arms' end, and our voices can but sound till the next air be quiet, and therefore they can have intercourse but within the sphere of their own activity; our needs and our conversations are served by a few, and they cannot reach at all; where they can, they must; but where it is impossible, it cannot be necessary. It must therefore follow, that our friendships to mankind may admit variety as does our conversation; and as by nature we are made sociable to all, so we are friendly: but as all cannot actually be of our society, so neither can all be admitted to a special, actual friendship. Of some intercourses all men are capable, but not of all; men can pray for one another, and abstain from doing injuries to all the world, and be desirous to do all mankind good, and love all men: now this friendship we must pay to all, because we can; but if we can do no more to all, we must show our readiness to do more good to all, by actually doing more good to all them whom we can. . . .

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen. . . .

For the good man is a profitable, useful person, and that is the band of an effective friendship. For I do not think that friendships are metaphysical nothings, created for contemplation, or that men or women should stare upon each other's faces and make dialogues of news and prettiness, and look babies in one another's eyes. Friendship is the allay of our sorrows, but the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the clarity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate. And although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do me no good: I do not speak of accidental hindrances and misfortunes by which the bravest man may become unable to help his child; but of the natural and artificial capacities of the man. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend, who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent. For (mistake not) no man can be loved for himself; our perfections in this world cannot reach so high; it is well if we would love God at that rate; and I very much fear that if God did us no good we might admire his beauties, but we should have but a small proportion of love towards him; . . . all his other greatnesses are objects of fear and wonder, it is his goodness that makes him lovely. And so it is in friendships. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can give counsel, or defend my cause, or guide me right, or relieve my need, or can

and will, when I need it, do me good: only this I add, into the heaps of doing good, I will reckon loving me, for it is a pleasure to be beloved; but when his love signifies nothing but kissing my cheek, or talking kindly, and can go no further, it is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship to spend it upon impertinent people who are (it may be) loads to their families, but can never ease my loads; but my friend is a wrothy person when he can become to me instead of God, a guide or a support, an eye or a hand, a staff or a rule. . . .

Can any wise or good man be angry if I say, I chose this man to be my friend, because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows; he is pleasant to me in private, and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me? For what else could I choose? For being a fool, and useless? for a pretty face or a smooth chin? I confess it is possible to be a friend to one that is ignorant, and pitiable, handsome and good for nothing, that eats well, and drinks deep, but he cannot be a friend to me; and I love him with a fondness or a pity, but it cannot be a noble friendship. . . .

But if you yet enquire, further, whether fancy may be an ingredient in your choice? I answer, that fancy may minister to this as to all other actions in which there are a liberty and variety. And we shall find that there may be peculiarities and little partialities, a friendship improperly so called, entering upon accounts of an innocent passion and a pleased fancy; even our blessed Saviour himself loved St. John and Lazarus by a special love, which was signified by special treatment; and of the young man that

spake well and wisely to Christ it is affirmed, Jesus loved him, that is, he fancied the man, and his soul had a certain cognation and similitude of temper and inclination. For in all things where there is a latitude, every faculty will endeavour to be pleased, and sometimes the meanest persons in a house have a festival: even sympathies and natural inclinations to some persons, and a conformity of humors, and proportionable loves, and the beauty of the face, and a witty answer may first strike the flint and kindle a spark, which if it falls upon tender and compliant natures may grow into a flame; but this will never be maintained at the rate of friendship, unless it be fed by pure materials, by worthinesses which are the food of friendship: where these are not, men and women may be pleased with one another's company, and lie under the same roof, and make themselves companions of equal prosperities, and humor their friend; but if you call this friendship, you give a sacred name to humor or fancy; for there is a Platonic friendship, as well as a Platonic love; but they being the images of more noble bodies, are but like tinsel dressings, which will show bravely by candle light, and do excellently in a mask, but are not fit for conversation and the material intercourses of our life. These are the prettinesses of prosperity and good-natured wit; but when we speak of friendship, which is the best thing in the world (for it is love and beneficence, it is charity that is fitted for society), we cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing; and they that build castles in the air, and look upon friendship as upon a fine romance, a thing that pleases the fancy, but is good for nothing else, will do well when they are asleep, or when they are come to Elysium; and

for aught I know in the meantime may be as much in love with Mandana in the Grand Cyrus, as with the Infanta of Spain, or any of the most perfect beauties and real excellencies of the world: and by dreaming of perfect and abstracted friendships, make them so immaterial that they perish in the handling and become good for nothing.

But I know not whither I was going; I did only mean to say that because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen amongst the worthiest persons, that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other. And though in equal worthiness I may choose my eye, or ear, that is, into the consideration of the essential, I may take in also the accidental and extrinsic worthinesses; yet I ought to give every one their just value: when the internal beauties are equal, these shall help to weigh down the scale, and I will love a worthy friend that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all, and profit me no more: but yet I will not weigh the gayest flowers, or the wings of butterflies, against wheat; but when I am to choose wheat, I may take that which looks the brightest. I had rather see thyme and roses, marjoram and July flowers that are fair and sweet and medicinal, than the prettiest tulips that are good for nothing: and my sheep and kine are better servants than racehorses and greyhounds. . . . When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness: but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them: but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better: that is, I will, when I choose my friend, choose him that is the bravest, the worthiest, and the most excellent

person; and then your first question is soon answered. To love such a person, and to contract such friendships, is just so authorised by the principles of Christianity, as it is warranted to love wisdom and virtue, goodness and beneficence, and all the impresses of God upon the spirits of brave men. . . .

To her second inquiry as to how far friendship may properly go in serving a friend, Bishop Taylor replied that a person should always serve a friend nobly: "I account that one of the greatest demonstrations of real friendship is, that a friend can really endeavor to have his friend advanced in honor, in reputation, in the opinion of wit or learning before himself." But there are limits to friendship: "It must be as great as our friend fairly needs in all things where we are not tied up by a former duty to God, to ourselves, or some pre-obliging relative," but "No friendship can excuse a sin," and "It is not lawful to fight on our friends' part against our prince or country," for "He that does a base thing in zeal for a friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together." Nor should we follow a friend in his dislike or hatred of a person against whom we have no reason for animosity.

To her third and last question, "How friendships are to be conducted?" he gave the following rules.

1. The first law of friendship is, they must neither ask of their friend what is undecent; nor grant it if themselves be asked. For it is no good office to make my friend more vicious or more a fool; I will restrain his folly, but not nurse it; I will not make my groom the officer of my lust and vanity. There are villains who sell their souls for bread, that offer sin and vanity at price: I should be unwilling my friend should know I am vicious; but if he could be brought to minister to it, he is not worthy

to be my friend: and if I could offer it to him, I do not deserve to clasp hands with a virtuous person.

2. Let no man choose him for his friend whom it shall be possible for him ever after to hate; for though the society may justly be interrupted, yet love is an immortal thing, and I will never despise him whom I could once think worthy of my love. A friend that proves not good, is rather to be suffered, than any enmities be entertained: and there are some outer offices of friendship and little drudgeries in which the less worthy are to be employed, and it is better that he be below stairs[1] than quite thrown out of doors.

3. There are two things which a friend can never pardon, a treacherous blow and the revealing of a secret, because these are against the nature of friendship; they are the adulteries of it, and dissolve the union; and in the matters of friendship, which is the marriage of souls, these are the proper causes of divorce: and therefore I shall add this only, that secrecy is the chastity of friendship. . . .

4. Never accuse thy friend, nor believe him that does; if thou dost, thou hast broken the skin: but he that is angry with every little fault, breaks the bones of friendship. And when we consider that in society and the accidents of every day, in which no man is constantly pleased or displeased with the same things, we shall find reason to impute the change unto ourselves; and the emanations of the sun are still glorious when our eyes are sore: and we have no reason to be angry with an eternal light because we have a changeable and mortal faculty. But however, do not think thou didst contract alliance with an angel when thou

[1] That is, among the servants in their quarters.

didst take thy friend into thy bosom; he may be weak as well as thou art, and thou mayst need pardon as well as he, and that man loves flattery more than friendship, who would not only have his friend, but all the contingencies of his friend to humor him.

5. Give thy friend counsel wisely and charitably, but leave him to his liberty whether he will follow thee or no: and be not angry if thy counsel be rejected. . . . He that gives advice to his friend and exacts obedience to it, does not the kindness and ingenuity of a friend but the office and pertness of a schoolmaster.

6. Never be a judge between thy friends in any manner where both set their hearts upon the victory: if strangers or enemies be litigants, whatever side thou favorest thou gettest a friend, but when friends are the parties thou losest one.

7. Never comport thyself so, as that thy friend can be afraid of thee: for then the state of the relation alters when a new and troublesome passion intervenes. Perfect love casteth out fear, and no man is friend to a tyrant; but that friendship is tyranny where the love is changed into fear, equality into empire, society into obedience; for then all my kindness to him also will be no better than flattery.

8. When you admonish your friend, let it be without bitterness; when you chide him, let it be without reproach; when you praise him, let it be with worthy purposes and for just causes, and in friendly measures; too much of that is flattery, too little is envy: if you do it justly, you teach him true measures; but when others praise him, rejoice, though they praise not thee, and remember that if

thou esteemest his praise to be thy disparagement, thou art envious, but neither just nor kind.

9. When all things else are equal, prefer an old friend before a new. If thou meanest to spend thy friend, and make a gain of him till he be weary, thou wilt esteem him as a beast of burden, the worse for his age: but if thou esteemest him by noble measures, he will be better to thee by thy being used to him, by trial and experience, by reciprocation of endearments, and an habitual worthiness. An old friend is like old wine, which when a man hath drunk, he does not desire new, because he saith the old is better. But every old friend was new once; and if he be worthy, keep the new one till he become old.

10. After all this, treat thy friend nobly, love to be with him, do to him all the worthinesses of love and fair endearment, according to thy capacity and his; bear with his infirmities till they approach towards being criminal; but never dissemble with him, never despise him, never leave him. Give him gifts and upbraid him not, and refuse not his kindnesses, and be sure never to despise the smallness or the impropriety of them. A gift (saith Solomon) fasteneth friendships. For as an eye that dwells long upon a star must be refreshed with lesser beauties and strengthened with greens [2] and looking-glasses, lest the sight become amazed with too great a splendor; so must the love of friends sometimes be refreshed with material and low caresses, lest by striving to be too divine it become less human: it must be allowed its share of both: it is human in giving pardon and fair construction, and open-

[2] A green or seton, according to the medicine of the period, was supposed to be a great relief in most disorders of the eyes.

ness and ingenuity, and keeping secrets; it hath something that is divine because it is beneficent; but much because it is eternal.

Jeremy Taylor.

THE REQUISITES TO TRUE FRIENDSHIP

The following essay is number sixty-four of the *Rambler* (October 27, 1750). After an introductory illustration concerning the building of Socrates' house, Johnson makes his first point: the difficulty of establishing and continuing friendship is so great that the majority of mankind do without it and content themselves with an easy substitute. The author next reveals his aristocratic viewpoint in stating that the multitude are not qualified for the highest things of life. Many who are of good reputation and uncorrupted morals have not the noble attributes necessary for tender intimacies. The reader will note how many writers insist upon equality as a basis of lasting friendship, and Johnson is no exception. Another requisite is uniformity of opinion in matters of party and religion—close friendships not formed on the same political and religious beliefs are the exception rather than the rule, although differences of opinion in minor affairs are not a serious deterrent to friendship. Johnson shrewdly observes that friends who share only our troubles and never our joys will not last long. Benefits and obligations that cannot be repaid militate against the ease and familiarity of friendship. But stern moralist that he was, Johnson believed in doing the kindnesses demanded by duty even if such action lessened friendship, for the commendation of one's conscience is to be preferred to the pleasures of friendship.

While Johnson was in no sense a pessimist about friendship, he realized its shortcomings and vicissitudes. He saw facts squarely and wrote about them honestly. He is a bulwark of common sense against which mawkish sentimentalism and futile half-truths on any subject shatter themselves. His ideas always

merit consideration even though the reader may wish his sentences less long and ponderous, and his vocabulary less given to unusual words of Latin origin. Johnson is an anomaly—a man with a permanent and high place in English literature, who did not write anything approaching a masterpiece. But he did have qualities that time does not easily obliterate: the old Dictator possessed a great personality; he had sincerity of heart and integrity of intellect; he was a sound, though a conservative, moralist. From this essay and the following one from the *Idler,* the reader will see that there is nothing namby-pamby about Dr. Johnson; in truth, these two selections are a healthful and stimulating tonic against some of the extravagant praise of friendship.

WHEN Socrates was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suitable to his dignity? he replied that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated, if he could see that narrow habitation filled with real friends. Such was the opinion of this great master of human life concerning the infrequency of such an union of minds as might deserve the name of friendship, that among the multitudes whom vanity or curiosity, civility or veneration, crowded about him, he did not expect that very spacious apartments would be necessary to contain all that should regard him with sincere kindness, or adhere to him with steady fidelity.

So many qualities are indeed requisite to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents must concur to its rise and its continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it, and supply its place as they can, with interest and dependence.

Multitudes are unqualified for a constant and warm

reciprocation of benevolence, as they are incapacitated for any other elevated excellence, by perpetual attention to their interest, and unresisting subjection to their passions. Long habits may superinduce inability to deny any desire, or repress, by superior motives, the importunities of any immediate gratification, and an inveterate selfishness will imagine all advantages diminished in proportion as they are communicated.

But not only this hateful and confirmed corruption but many varieties of disposition, not inconsistent with common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendship from the heart. Some ardent enough in their benevolence, and defective neither in officiousness nor liberality, are mutable and uncertain, soon attracted by new objects, disgusted without offense, and alienated without enmity. Others are soft and flexible, easily influenced by reports or whispers, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumstance, and to listen to every suspicion which envy and flattery shall suggest, to follow the opinion of every confident adviser, and move by the impulse of the last breath. Some are impatient of contradiction, more willing to go wrong by their own judgment, than to be indebted for a better or a safer way to the sagacity of another; inclined to consider counsel as insult, and inquiry as want of confidence, and to confer their regard on no other terms than unreserved submission and implicit compliance. Some are dark and involved, equally careful to conceal good and bad purposes; and pleased with producing effects by invisible means, and showing their design only in its execution. Others are universally communicative, alike open to every one, and equally profuse of their own secrets and those of others,

without the necessary vigilance of caution, or the honest arts of prudent integrity; ready to accuse without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of these may be useful to the community, and pass through the world with the reputation of good purposes and uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for close and tender intimacies. He cannot properly be chosen for a friend, whose kindness is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the first blast of slander; he cannot be a useful counsellor, who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence, whose principal maxim is to suspect; nor can the candor and frankness of that man be much esteemed, who spreads his arms to humankind, and makes every man, without distinction, a denizen of his bosom.

That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the same kind; not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved by both. We are often, by superficial accomplishments and accidental endearments, induced to love those whom we cannot esteem; we are sometimes, by great abilities, and incontestable evidence of virtue, compelled to esteem those whom we cannot love. But friendship, compounded of esteem and love, derives from one its tenderness, and its permanence from the other; and, therefore, requires not only that its candidates should gain the judgment, but that they should attract the affections; that they should not only be firm in the day of distress, but gay in the hour of jollity; not only useful in exigencies, but pleasing in familiar life; their presence should give cheerfulness as well as courage, and dispel alike the gloom of fear and of melancholy.

To this mutual conplacency, is generally requisite an uniformity of opinions, at least of those active and conspicuous principles which discriminate parties in government and sects in religion, and which every day operate more or less on the common business of life. For though great tenderness has, perhaps, been sometimes known to continue between men eminent in contrary factions; yet such friends are to be shown rather as prodigies than examples, and it is no more proper to regulate our conduct by such instances, than to leap a precipice, because some have fallen from it and escaped with life.

It cannot but be extremely difficult to preserve private kindness in the midst of public opposition, in which will necessarily be involved a thousand incidents, extending their influence to conversation and privacy. Men engaged, by moral or religious motives in contrary parties, will generally look with different eyes upon every man, and decide almost every question upon different principles. When such occasions of dispute happen, to comply is to betray our cause, and to maintain friendship by ceasing to deserve it; to be silent, is to lose the happiness and dignity of independence, to live in perpetual constraint, and to desert, if not to betray; and who shall determine which of two friends shall yield, where neither believes himself mistaken, and both confess the importance of the question? What then remains but contradiction and debate? and from those what can be expected, but acrimony and vehemence, the insolence of triumph, the vexation of defeat, and, in time, a weariness of contest, and an extinction of benevolence? Exchange of endearments and intercourse of civility may continue, indeed, as boughs may for a while be verdant,

when the root is wounded; but the poison of discord is infused, and though the countenance may preserve its smile, the heart is hardening and contracting.

That man will not be long agreeable whom we see only in times of seriousness and severity; and, therefore, to maintain the softness and serenity of benevolence, it is necessary that friends partake each other's pleasures as well as cares, and be led to the same diversions by similitude of taste. This is, however, not to be considered as equally indispensable with conformity of principles, because any man may honestly, according to the precepts of Horace, resign the gratifications of taste to the humor of another, and friendship may well deserve the sacrifice of pleasure, though not of conscience. . . .

Friendship is seldom lasting but between equals, or where the superiority on one side is reduced by some equivalent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be discharged, are not commonly found to increase affection; they excite gratitude, indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that easy freedom and familiarity of intercourse, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendship. Thus imperfect are all earthly blessings; the great effect of friendship is beneficence, yet by the first act of uncommon kindness it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruit and die. Yet this consideration ought not to restrain bounty or repress compassion; for duty is to be preferred before convenience, and he that loses part of the pleasures of friendship by his generosity, gains in its place the gratulation of his conscience.

Samuel Johnson.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF FRIENDSHIP

Johnson in this essay, which is number twenty-three of the *Idler* (September 23, 1758), considers many of the ways in which friendships are broken or fall into decay. It is not pleasing but true that time and distance separate us from our old friends. The value of studying this essay is that we may avoid some of the common errors by which friendships are severed. The essay exhibits the same characteristics of Johnson's style as the former selection from the *Rambler*.

LIFE has no higher pleasure or nobler than that of friendship. It is painful to consider that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of friendship, of invincible constancy, and unalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardor of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part. To give pleasure is not always in our power; and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together may be separated by the different course of their affairs; and friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions. What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place. A man deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppress and his doubts distract him; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within, and solitude about him. But this uneasiness never lasts long; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed than that which naturally arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few inquire what effect it has had upon others. The first hour convinces them that the pleasure which they have formerly enjoyed is for ever at an end; different scenes have made different impressions; the opinions of both are changed; and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but

by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favorite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance: but such attacks are seldom made without the loss of friendship; for, whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret, of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute begun in jest upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief I know not what security can be obtained: men will sometimes be surprised into quarrels; and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will seldom be found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. . . .

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay,

or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender for complaint, and too numerous for removal.—Those who are angry may be reconciled; those who have been injured may receive a recompense: but when the desire of pleasing and willingness to be pleased is silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as, when the vital powers sink into langor, there is no longer any use of the physician.

Samuel Johnson.

FRIENDSHIP

This essay opens with a declaration that there is a pervading power of love in the universe. Even Emerson, the natural recluse, finds himself drawn to friends by divine affinity. (Belief that there is a spark of the divine in each human being is a cardinal point in all Emersonian doctrine). While meeting a new person is an event, it troubles Emerson that the person stimulates little thought or action. He shrewdly observes that all persons overemphasize their friends' virtues, and he comes back to another of his fundamental beliefs—the unmatched greatness of the individual self. We fluctuate between society and solitude, bringing something better to each because of the other.

The paragraph beginning "Yet these uneasy pleasures" will bear a frequent reading. It is an excellent example both of the author's style and of his thought. Characteristically, he turns from the disappointment of human relationship to the relief of solitude.

We should be equal to *all* of our friends, not hide in other friends when we have failed with one. Our impatience he rebukes, and asks us to await the ripening of our own souls until they are worthy of other souls, then to approach our friends with an audacious trust in their goodness.

The most forceful part of the essay begins with "I do not wish to treat friendships daintily." All thought and nature are

but the shell for the sincerity and joy of the alliance of heart with heart. Intrinsic nobleness and contempt for trifles overcome all things. The Concord philosopher's two requisites for friendship are truth and tenderness.

Emerson does not restrict friendship to two persons as does Montaigne, but allows for a circle of friends. However, he believes that a person is at his best when conversing with one other person, because each then is nearer his true self. In crowds, conversation is likely to be both trivial and insincere. It is a nice adjustment between likeness and unlikeness that is the basis of friendship. Emerson desires neither unnatural antagonism nor unmanly compliance—he asks that each friend be his own true self. One must always be so much himself that he *can* do without friendship; then he is more worthy of being a real friend. He cautions us to give a friend room to expand into his biggest and best self. If we hold him too tight we cramp him—a friend can never be a piece of our property. If Emerson's injunction not to visit friends seems inhumanly cold, it is because he has put friendship upon a loftier plane than pawing and chattering. Let a friend be something great afar off rather than a mere convenience near at hand. He warns us never to try to *possess* our friends. The nobler friendships are the harder it is to establish them—cheap friendships are easily made. By holding himself aloof one draws to himself those who are great. Rather than be dependent upon his friends a person should rid himself of all of them. Then, when he is wholly himself, on this higher platform greater friends will come to him. Sublimity of spirit is lost in the pleasantness of ordinary associations; Emerson would rather commune with his friends only on the loftiest spiritual heights. Finally, he acknowledges that friendship can be one-sided, but it seldom will be, for true love will not remain unrequited. If the object of one's affections fails to respond, the giver will soar on to higher realms. But providing for a failure in friendship is almost a treachery to it—friendship is whole and godlike.

It will be seen that it is impossible to give a satisfactory, or even an accurate résumé of this essay. It is not clear in outline

like Bacon's; it is repetitive, contradictory, and unorganized. Like most transcendental writing, it suggests more than it says; it is full of overtones which will be differently interpreted by different persons. Its vagueness is that of a great soul vainly reaching after truths which cannot be definitely expressed. Emerson thought in terms of philosophical generalities and abstract idealisms; he repeated his ideas because he realized that a second or even a third statement of them did not convey exactly what he had intended to say. He leaps after an idea with the insistence of a frog trying to get out of a deep hole. His ideas are not only repeated but they sometimes seem inconsistent. But Emerson does not hold consistency to be a virtue; in other essays he has labelled it the mark of small souls—with it great souls have nothing to do. Yet his contradictions are in details, not in the basic tenets of his philosophy. If he seems to wish for no friendships at all, it is because he covets greater and loftier friendships than are ordinarily realized. The incoherence of his thinking parallels the disjointed style of his writing. It is said that it was his habit to jot down epigrammatic sentences in the morning before breakfast. Later he put these aphoristic thoughts into his writings wherever he could. Paragraphs thus written may not always be unified; but they will contain many brilliant spots. Such sentences as "A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere," "The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it," and "The only way to have a friend is to be one" are proverbial. Emerson is best read in small units—a sentence is often enough. But sometimes what a sentence! It may have the eternal verity of the hills or give inevitable expression to a piece of irresistible wisdom. This essay exhibits both the virtues and the deficiencies of our "Yankee Plato."

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in

houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry and in common speech, the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good-will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend,—and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. . . .

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again? What is so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter and no night; all tragedies, all ennuis vanish,—all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine,—a possession for all time. Nor is Nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by-and-by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I but the Deity in me and in them derides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, and circumstances, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the first Bard,—poetry without stop,—hymn, ode, and epic, poetry still flowing, Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these too separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this

point. It is almost dangerous to me to "crush the sweet poison of misused wine" of the affections. A new person is to me a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have often had fine fancies about persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day: it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We over-estimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his,—his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments,—fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by mining for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though

it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no power, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moon-like ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him, unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity,—thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is,—thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal

relations. The instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and ever the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love:

DEAR FRIEND,—If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable: and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity, and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears

as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum:—

> "The valiant warrior famoused for fight
> After a hundred victories, once foiled,
> Is from the book of honor razed quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of god, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards, but

the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations. . . .

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its laws! He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the speed in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and

equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank; *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting—as indeed he could not help doing—for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plaindealing, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility,—requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversa-

tion with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend therefore is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle,—but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says,—"I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it vaults over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood;[1] it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But

[1] neighborliness

though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand, we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of plough-boys and tin-peddlars to the silken and perfumed amity which celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricle, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well tempered, and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please

my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals merge their egotism into a social soul exactly co-extensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other, will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation,—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all

that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought, he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or a look, in his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the *not mine* is *mine*. I hate, where I looked for a manly furtherance or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which, beneath these disparities, unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous; who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy; who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course he has merits that are not yours,

and that you cannot honor if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside; give those merits room; let them mount and expand. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure, instead of the noblest benefits.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sister? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor pottage. I can get politics and chat and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell [2] them all. Guard him as thy great counterpart. Let him be to thee for ever a sort of beautiful enemy, un-

[2] count, enumerate

tamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb;—you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. *Crimen, quos inquinat, æquat.* To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent,—so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or how to say any thing to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy soul shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips.

The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall never catch a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late,—very late,—we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire,—but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them; then shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring and daring, which can love us and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no god attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little you gain the great.

You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world,—those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as spectres and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seems to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel if we will the absolute insulation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, "Who are you? Unhand me: I will be dependent no more." Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced; he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come, and the harbinger of a greater friend.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the

great days, presentiments hover before me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid times, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions; not with yourself but with your lustres, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them not what they have but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give me, but which radiates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtle and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with regrets that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold

companion. If he is unequal he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends the unworthy object and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FRIENDSHIP

With a slight strain of misanthropy, Thoreau asserts that while there is much talk about friendship, most friendships are of a low order; in truth, to say that a man is your friend signifies little more than that he is not your enemy. What is commonly called friendship is a slightly elevated honor among rogues. Yet there is possible, and occasionally realized, a great love between persons.

Friends cannot be selected, but are a result of a natural affinity between two persons. Friendship cannot be forced; it is because it is. There is none of the reserve in Thoreau's address to a friend that there is in Emerson's letter to a friend.

Thoreau next considers the relation of sex to friendship. Then he advances the idea that equality is a prerequisite of friendship, not equality of station but rather the equality of soul. Those who are equal in mind and heart have a basis for friendship. Thoreau, like Emerson, believes that we attribute higher qualities

to our friends than they possess; and he holds with Emerson that there are times when we have had enough of our friends and that we rightly withdraw to solitude to prepare ourselves for nobler friendships. Language is inadequate to express friendship —only acquaintanceship has words ready for every occasion.

Thoreau rightly observes that there is no extravagance about true friendship; it is natural and primitive; it is formed in the surroundings of rocks and fields, not amid luxurious carpets and cushions. In contrast to Montaigne, Thoreau believes in having a large number of friends. The sorrow inherent in friendship is that it may end—the least unworthiness vitiates it. Friendship should be understood in silence; it cannot be explained. It should not close our eyes to our friends' faults, for faults are not lessened because they belong to a friend. But true friendship does not quarrel for slight reasons. In contrast to Bacon, Thoreau does not believe in the efficacy of advice offered to a friend—a friend cannot be changed either for better or for worse by advice.

Life without love is meaningless, for a friend is a real brother. The beautiful passage which closes the essay pays high tribute to friendship—its power is such that it transcends death, and its memories are as monuments overgrown with moss. The strain of pessimism toward humanity is lost in an unreserved acknowledgment of the sublimity of friendship.

Thoreau's will always remains one of the outstanding essays on the subject. It is characteristic of the man: its strictures on mankind are those of a person somewhat anti-social in his nature; a number of his figures and examples are drawn from his observations as a naturalist; the essay has many passages beautiful in expression and lofty in sentiment. While it contributes to the subject little that is new, its style is lucid and pleasing, and its thought is stimulating and sound. It is a paradox that both Emerson and Thoreau, men not endowed by nature with a capacity for making many friends, should have written two of the best essays on friendship.

NO word is oftener on the lips of men than Friendship, and indeed no thought is more familiar to their

aspirations. All men are dreaming of it, and its drama, which is always a tragedy, is enacted daily. It is the secret of the universe. You may thread the town, you may wander the country, and none shall ever speak of it, yet thought is everywhere busy about it, and the idea of what is possible in this respect affects our behavior toward all new men and women, and a great many old ones. Nevertheless, I can remember only two or three essays on this subject in all literature. No wonder that the Mythology, and Arabian Nights, and Shakespeare, and Scott's novels entertain us,—we are poets and fablers and dramatists and novelists ourselves. We are continually acting a part in a more interesting drama than any written. We are dreaming that our Friends are our *Friends*, and that we are our Friends' *Friends*. Our actual Friends are but distant relations of those to whom we are pledged. We never exchange more than three words with a Friend in our lives on that level to which our thoughts and feelings almost habitually rise. One goes forth prepared to say, "Sweet Friends!" and the salutation is, "Damn your eyes!" But never mind; faint heart never won true Friend. O my Friend, may it come to pass once, that when you are my Friend I may be yours.

Of what use the friendliest dispositions even, if there are no hours given to Friendship, if it is forever postponed to unimportant duties and relations? Friendship is first, Friendship last. But it is equally impossible to forget our Friends, and to make them answer to our ideal. When they say farewell, then indeed we begin to keep them company. How often we find ourselves turning our backs on our actual Friends, that we may go and meet their ideal

cousins. I would that I were worthy to be any man's Friend.

What is commonly honored with the name of Friendship is no very profound or powerful instinct. Men do not, after all, *love* their Friends greatly. I do not often see the farmers made seers and wise to the verge of insanity by their Friendship for one another. They are not often transfigured and translated by love in each other's presence. I do not observe them purified, refined, and elevated by the love of a man. If one abates a little the price of his wood, or gives a neighbor his vote at town-meeting, or a barrel of apples, or lends him his wagon frequently, it is esteemed a rare instance of Friendship. Nor do the farmers' wives lead lives consecrated to Friendship. I do not see the pair of farmer Friends of either sex prepared to stand against the world. There are only two or three couples in history. To say that a man is your Friend, means commonly no more than this, that he is not your enemy. Most contemplate only what would be the accidental and trifling advantage of Friendship, as that the Friend can assist in time of need, by his substance or his influence, or his counsel; but he who foresees such advantages in this relation proves himself blind to its real advantage, or indeed wholly inexperienced in the relation itself. Such services are particular and menial, compared with the perpetual and all-embracing service which it is. Even the utmost good-will and harmony and practical kindness are not sufficient for Friendship, for Friends do not live in harmony merely, as some say, but in melody. We do not wish for Friends to feed and clothe our bodies,—neighbors are kind enough for that,—but to do the like office to our spirits.

For this, few are rich enough, however well disposed they may be. For the most part we stupidly confound one man with another. The dull distinguish only races or nations, or at most classes, but the wise man, individuals. To his Friend a man's peculiar character appears in every feature and in every action, and it is thus drawn out and improved by him.

Think of the importance of Friendship in the education of men.

> "He that hath love and judgment too,
> Sees more than any other doe."

It will make a man honest; it will make him a hero; it will make him a saint. It is the state of the just dealing with the just, the magnanimous with the magnanimous, the sincere with the sincere, man with man.

And it is well said by another poet,

> "Why love among the virtues is not known,
> Is that love is them all contract in one."

All the abuses which are the object of reform with the philanthropist, the statesman, and the housekeeper are unconsciously amended in the intercourse of Friends. A Friend is one who incessantly pays us the compliment of expecting from us all the virtues, and who can appreciate them in us. It takes two to speak the truth,—one to speak, and another to hear. How can one treat with magnanimity mere wood and stone? If we dealt only with the false and dishonest, we should at last forget how to speak truth. Only lovers know the value and magnanimity of truth, while traders prize a cheap honesty, and neighbors and

acquaintance a cheap civility. In our daily intercourse with men, our nobler faculties are dormant and suffered to rust. None will pay us the compliment to expect nobleness from us. Though we have gold to give, they demand only copper. We ask our neighbor to suffer himself to be dealt with truly, sincerely, nobly; but he answers No by his deafness. He does not even hear this prayer. He says practically, I will be content if you treat me as "no better than I should be," as deceitful, mean, dishonest, and selfish. For the most part, we are contented so to deal and to be dealt with, and we do not think that for the mass of men there is any truer and nobler relation possible. A man may have *good* neighbors, so called, and acquaintances, and even companions, wife, parents, brothers, sisters, children, who meet himself and one another on this ground only. The State does not demand justice of its members, but thinks that it succeeds very well with the least degree of it, hardly more than rogues practise; and so do the neighborhood and the family. What is commonly called Friendship even is only a little more honor among rogues.

But sometimes we are said to *love* another, that is, to stand in a true relation to him, so that we give the best to, and receive the best from, him. Between whom there is hearty truth, there is love; and in proportion to our truthfulness and confidence in one another, our lives are divine and miraculous, and answer to our ideal. There are passages of affection in our intercourse with mortal men and women, such as no prophecy had taught us to expect, which transcend our earthly life, and anticipate Heaven for us. What is this Love that may come right into the middle of a prosaic Goffstown day, equal to any of the

gods? that discovers a new world, fair and fresh and eternal, occupying the place of the old one, when to the common eye a dust has settled on the universe? which world cannot else be reached, and does not exist. What other words, we may almost ask, are memorable and worthy to be repeated than those which love has inspired? It is wonderful that they were ever uttered. They are few and rare, indeed; but, like a strain of music, they are incessantly repeated and modulated by the memory. All other words crumble off with the stucco which overlies the heart. We should not dare to repeat these now aloud. We are not competent to hear them at all times.

The books for young people say a great deal about the *selection* of Friends; it is because they really have nothing to say about *Friends*. They mean associates and confidants merely. "Know that the contrariety of Foe and Friend proceeds from God." Friendship takes place between those who have an affinity for one another, and is a perfectly natural and inevitable result. No professions nor advances will avail. Even speech, at first, necessarily has nothing to do with it; but it follows after silence, as the buds in the graft do not put forth into leaves till long after the graft has taken. It is a drama in which the parties have no part to act. We are all Mussulmen and fatalists in this respect. Impatient and uncertain lovers think that they must say or do something kind whenever they meet; they must never be cold. But they who are Friends do not do what they *think* they must, but what they *must*. Even their Friendship is to some extent but a sublime phenomenon to them.

The true and not despairing Friend will address his Friend in some such terms as these.

"I never asked thy leave to let me love thee,—I have a right. I love thee not as something private and personal, which is *your own*, but as something universal and worthy of love, *which I have found*. O, how I think of you! You are purely good,—you are infinitely good. I can trust you forever. I did not think that humanity was so rich. Give me an opportunity to live.

"You are the fact in a fiction,—you are the truth more strange and admirable than fiction. Consent only to be what you are. I alone will never stand in your way.

"This is what I would like,—to be as intimate with you as our spirits are intimate,—respecting you as I respect my ideal. Never to profane one another by word or action, even by a thought. Between us, if necessary, let there be no acquaintance.

"I have discovered you; how can you be concealed from me?"

The Friend asks no return but that his Friend will religiously accept and wear and not disgrace his apotheosis of him. They cherish each other's hopes. They are kind to each other's dreams.

Though the poet says, "'Tis the preëminence of Friendship to impute excellence," yet we can never praise our Friend, nor esteem him praiseworthy, nor let him think that he can please us by any *behavior*, or ever *treat* us well enough. That kindness which has so good a reputation elsewhere can least of all consist with this relation, and no such affront can be offered to a Friend, as a conscious good-

will, a friendliness which is not a necessity of the Friend's nature.

The sexes are naturally most strongly attracted to one another by constant constitutional differences, and are most commonly and surely the complements of each other. How natural and easy it is for man to secure the attention of woman to what interests himself! Men and women of equal culture, thrown together, are sure to be of a certain value to one another, more than men to men. There exists already a natural disinterestedness and liberality in such society, and I think that any man will more confidently carry his favorite books to read to some circle of intelligent women, than to one of his own sex. The visit of man to man is wont to be an interruption, but the sexes naturally expect one another. Yet Friendship is no respecter of sex; and perhaps it is more rare between the sexes than between two of the same sex.

Friendship is, at any rate, a relation of perfect equality. It cannot well spare any outward sign of equal obligation and advantage. The nobleman can never have a Friend among his retainers, nor the king among his subjects. Not that the parties to it are in all respects equal, but they are equal in all that respects or affects their Friendship. The one's love is exactly balanced and represented by the other's. Persons are only the vessels which contain the nectar, and the hydrostatic paradox is the symbol of love's law. It finds its level and rises to its fountain-head in all breasts, and its slenderest column balances the ocean.

"And love as well the shepherd can
As can the mighty nobleman."

The one sex is not, in this respect, more tender than the other. A hero's love is as delicate as a maiden's.

Confucius said, "Never contract Friendship with a man who is not better than thyself." It is the merit and preservation of Friendship, that it takes place on a level higher than the actual characters of the parties would seem to warrant. The rays of light come to us in such a curve that every man whom we meet appears to be taller than he actually is. Such foundation has civility. My Friend is that one whom I can associate with my choicest thought. I always assign to him a nobler employment in my absence than I ever find him engaged in; and I imagine that the hours which he devotes to me were snatched from a higher society. The sorest insult which I ever received from a Friend was, when he behaved with the license which only long and cheap acquaintance allows to one's faults, in my presence, without shame, and still addressed me in friendly accents. Beware, lest thy Friend learn at last to tolerate one frailty of thine, and so an obstacle be raised to the progress of thy love. There are times when we have had enough even of our Friends, when we begin inevitably to profane one another, and must withdraw religiously into solitude and silence, the better to prepare ourselves for a loftier intimacy. Silence is the ambrosial night in the intercourse of Friends, in which their sincerity is recruited and takes deeper root.

Friendship is never established as an understood relation. Do you demand that I be less your Friend that you may know it? Yet what right have I to think that another cherishes so rare a sentiment for me? It is a miracle which requires constant proofs. It is an exercise of the purest

imagination and the rarest faith. It says by a silent but eloquent behavior,—"I will be so related to thee as thou canst imagine; even so thou mayest believe. I will spend truth,—all my wealth on thee,"—and the Friend responds silently through his nature and life, and treats his Friend with the same divine courtesy. He knows as literally through thick and thin. He never asks for a sign of love, but can distinguish it by the features which it naturally wears. We never need to stand upon ceremony with him with regard to his visits. Wait not till I invite thee, but observe that I am glad to see thee when thou comest. It would be paying too dear for thy visit to ask for it. Where my Friend lives there are all riches and every attraction, and no slight obstacle can keep me from him. Let me never have to tell thee what I have not to tell. Let our intercourse be wholly above ourselves, and draw us up to it.

The language of Friendship is not words, but meanings. It is an intelligence above language. One imagines endless conversations with his Friend, in which the tongue shall be loosed, and thoughts be spoken without hesitancy or end; but the experience is commonly far otherwise. Acquaintances may come and go, and have a word ready for every occasion; but what puny word shall he utter whose very breath is thought and meaning? Suppose you go to bid farewell to your Friend who is setting out on a journey; what other outward sign do you know than to shake his hand? Have you any palaver ready for him then? any box of salve to commit to his pocket? any particular message to send by him? any statement which you had forgotten to make?—as if you could forget anything.—No, it is much that you take his hand and say Farewell; that

you could easily omit; so far custom has prevailed. It is even painful, if he is to go, that he should linger so long. If he must go, let him go quickly. Have you any *last* words? Alas, it is only the word of words, which you have so long sought and found not; *you* have not a *first* word yet. There are few even whom I should venture to call earnestly by their most proper names. A name pronounced is the recognition of the individual to whom it belongs. He who can pronounce my name aright, he can call me, and is entitled to my love and service. Yet reserve is the freedom and abandonment of lovers. It is the reserve of what is hostile or indifferent in their natures, to give place to what is kindred and harmonious.

The violence of love is as much to be dreaded as that of hate. When it is durable it is serene and equable. Even its famous pains begin only with the ebb of love, for few are indeed lovers, though all would fain be. It is one proof of a man's fitness for Friendship that he is able to do without that which is cheap and passionate. A true Friendship is as wise as it is tender. The parties to it yield implicitly to the guidance of their love, and know no other law nor kindness. It is not extravagant and insane, but what it says is something established henceforth, and will bear to be stereotyped. It is a truer truth, it is better and fairer news, and no time will ever shame it, or prove it false. This is a plant which thrives best in a temperate zone, where summer and winter alternate with one another. The Friend is a *necessarius*, and meets his Friend on homely ground; not on carpets and cushions, but on the ground and on rocks they will sit, obeying the natural and primitive laws. They will meet without any outery, and part with-

out loud sorrow. Their relation implies such qualities as the warrior prizes; for it takes a valor to open the hearts of men as well as the gates of castles. It is not an idle sympathy and mutual consolation merely, but a heroic sympathy of aspiration and endeavor. . . .

As for the number which this society admits, it is at any rate to be begun with one, the noblest and greatest that we know, and whether the world will ever carry it further, whether, as Chaucer affirms,

> "There be mo sterres in the skie than a pair,"

remains to be proved;

> "And certaine he is well begone [1]
> Among a thousand that findeth one."

We shall not surrender ourselves heartily to any while we are conscious that another is more deserving of our love. Yet Friendship does not stand for numbers; the Friend does not count his Friends on his fingers; they are not numerable. The more there are included by this bond, if they are indeed included, the rarer and diviner the quality of the love that binds them. I am ready to believe that as private and intimate a relation may exist by which three are embraced, as between two. Indeed, we cannot have too many friends; the virtue which we appreciate we to some extent appropriate, so that thus we are made at last more fit for every relation of life. A base Friendship is of a narrowing and exclusive tendency, but a nobler one is not exclusive; its very superfluity and dispersed love is the humanity which sweetens society, and sympathizes

[1] well begone = fortunate

with foreign nations; for though its foundations are private, it is, in effect, a public affair and a public advantage, and the Friend more than the father of a family, deserves well of the state.

The only danger in Friendship is that it will end. It is a delicate plant, though a native. The least unworthiness, even if it be unknown to one's self, vitiates it. Let the Friend know that those faults which he observes in his Friend his own faults attract. There is no rule more invariable than that we are paid for our suspicions by finding what we suspected. By our narrowness and prejudices we say, I will have so much and such of you, my Friend, no more. Perhaps there are none charitable, none disinterested, none wise, noble, and heroic enough, for a true and lasting Friendship.

I sometimes hear my Friends complain finely that I do not appreciate their fineness. I shall not tell them whether I do or not. As if they expected a vote of thanks for every fine thing which they uttered or did. Who knows but it was finely appreciated. It may be that your silence was the finest thing of the two. There are some things which a man never speaks of, which are much finer kept silent about. To the highest communications we only lend a silent ear. Our finest relations are not simply kept silent about, but buried under a positive depth of silence never to be revealed. It may be that we are not even yet acquainted. In human intercourse the tragedy begins, not when there is misunderstanding about words, but when silence is not understood. Then there can never be an explanation. What avails it that another loves you, if he does not understand you? Such love is a curse. What sort of companions

are they who are presuming always that their silence is more expressive than yours? How foolish, and inconsiderate, and unjust, to conduct as if you were the only party aggrieved! Has not your Friend always equal ground of complaint? No doubt my Friends sometimes speak to me in vain, but they do not know what things I hear which they are not aware that they have spoken. I know that I have frequently disappointed them by not giving them words when they expected them, or such as they expected. Whenever I see my Friend I speak to him; but the expecter, the man with the ears, is not he. They will complain too that you are hard. O ye that would have the cocoa-nut wrong side outwards, when next I weep I will let you know. They ask for words and deeds, when a true relation is word and deed. If they know not of these things, how can they be informed? We often forbear to confess our feelings, not from pride, but for fear that we could not continue to love the one who required us to give such proof of our affection. . . .

Confucius said: "To contract ties of Friendship with any one, is to contract Friendship with his virtue. There ought not to be any other motive in Friendship." But men wish us to contract Friendship with their vice also. I have a Friend who wishes me to see that to be right which I know to be wrong. But if Friendship is to rob me of my eyes, if it is to darken the day, I will have none of it. It should be expansive and inconceivably liberalizing in its effects. True Friendship can afford true knowledge. It does not depend on darkness and ignorance. A want of discernment cannot be an ingredient in it. If I can see my Friend's virtues more distinctly than another's, his faults

too are made more conspicuous by contrast. We have not so good a right to hate any as our Friend. Faults are not the less faults because they are invariably balanced by corresponding virtues, and for a fault there is no excuse, though it may appear greater than it is in many ways. I have never known one who could bear criticism, who could not be flattered, who would not bribe his judge, or was content that the truth should be loved always better than himself. . . .

It is impossible to say all that we think, even to our truest Friend. We may bid him farewell forever sooner than complain, for our complaint is too well grounded to be uttered. There is not so good an understanding between any two, but the exposure by the one of a serious fault in the other will produce a misunderstanding in proportion to its heinousness. The constitutional differences which always exist, and are obstacles to a perfect Friendship, are forever a forbidden theme to the lips of Friends. They advise by their whole behavior. Nothing can reconcile them but love. They are fatally late when they undertake to explain and treat with one another like foes. Who will take an apology for a Friend? They must apologize like dew and frost, which are off again with the sun, and which all men know in their hearts to be beneficent. The necessity itself for explanation,—what explanation will atone for that?

True love does not quarrel for slight reasons, such mistakes as mutual acquaintances can explain away, but, alas, however slight the apparent cause, only for adequate and fatal and everlasting reasons, which can never be set aside. Its quarrel, if there is any, is ever recurring, notwithstanding the beams of affection which invariably come to gild

its tears; as the rainbow, however beautiful and unerring a sign, does not promise fair weather forever, but only for a season. I have known two or three persons pretty well, and yet I have never known advice to be of use but in trivial and transient matters. One may know what another does not, but the utmost kindness cannot impart what is requisite to make the advice useful. We must accept or refuse one another as we are. I could tame a hyena more easily than my Friend. He is a material which no tool of mine will work. A naked savage will fell an oak with a firebrand, and wear a hatchet out of a rock by friction, but I cannot hew the smallest chip out of the character of my Friend, either to beautify or deform it.

The lover learns at last that there is no person quite transparent and trustworthy, but every one has a devil in him that is capable of any crime in the long run. Yet, as an Oriental philosopher has said, "Although Friendship between good men is interrupted, their principles remain unaltered. The stalk of the lotus may be broken, and the fibres remain connected."

Ignorance and bungling with love are better than wisdom and skill without. There may be courtesy, there may be even temper, and wit, and talent, and sparkling conversation, there may be good-will even,—and yet the humanest and divinest faculties pine for exercise. Our life without love is like coke and ashes. Men may be pure as alabaster and Parian marble, elegant as a Tuscan villa, sublime as Niagara, and yet if there is no milk mingled with the wine at their entertainments, better is the hospitality of Goths and Vandals.

My Friend is not of some other race or family of men,

but flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone. He is my real brother. I see his nature groping yonder so like mine. We do not live far apart. Have not the fates associated us in many ways? It says, in the Vishnu Purana: "Seven paces together is sufficient for the friendship of the virtuous, but thou and I have dwelt together." Is it of no significance that we have so long partaken of the same loaf, drank at the same fountain, breathed the same air summer and winter, felt the same heat and cold; that the same fruits have been pleased to refresh us both, and we have never had a thought of different fibre the one from the other!

As surely as the sunset in my latest November shall translate me to the ethereal world, and remind me of the ruddy morning of youth; as surely as the last strain of music which falls on my decaying ear shall make age to be forgotten, or, in short, the manifold influences of nature survive during the term of our natural life, so surely my Friend shall forever be my Friend, and reflect a ray of God to me, and time shall foster and adorn and consecrate our Friendship, no less than the ruins of temples. As I love Nature, as I love singing birds, and gleaming stubble, and flowing rivers, and morning and evening, and summer and winter, I love thee, my Friend.

But all that can be said of Friendship, is like botany to flowers. How can the understanding take account of its friendliness?

Even the death of Friends will inspire us as much as their lives. They will leave consolation to the mourners, as the rich leave money to defray the expenses of their funerals, and their memories will be incrusted over with sublime and pleasing thoughts, as monuments of other men

are overgrown with moss; for our Friends have no place in the graveyard.

Henry David Thoreau.

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP

This splendid paragraph from *The Making of Character* merits a place among these better known writings on friendship.

AND though Aristotle does well to warn us that absence dissolves friendship, it is happily none the less true that friend may powerfully influence friend though the two be by no means constant associates. Even far removal in place, or in occupation, or in fortunes, cannot arrest influence. For once any man has true friends, he never again frames his decisions, even those that are the most secret, as if he were alone in the world. He frames them habitually in the imagined company of friends. In their visionary presence he thinks and acts; and by them as visionary tribunal, he feels himself, even in his unspoken intentions and inmost feelings, to be judged. In this aspect, friendship may become a supreme force both to encourage and restrain. For it is not simply what our friends expect of us that is the vital matter here. They are too often more tolerant of our failings than is perhaps good for us. It is what in our best moments we believe that they expect of us. For it is then that they become to us, not of their own choice, but of ours, a kind of second conscience, in whose presence our weaknesses and backslidings become "that worst kind of sacrilege that tears down the invisible altar of trust."

John MacCunn.

THE WRECK OF FRIENDSHIP

Possibly Hugh Black's *Friendship* is the most popular contemporary book on this subject. It is a volume that kindles a compiler's desire to quote *most of it,* but this thought-provoking selection must suffice.

AS it is easier for some temperaments to make friends, it is easier for some dispositions to keep them. Little faults of manner, little occasions of thoughtlessness, or lack of the little courtesies, do more to separate people than glaring mistakes. There are some men so built that it is difficult to remain on very close terms with them, there are so many corners to knock against. Even strength of character, if unmodified by sweetness of disposition, adds to the difficulty of pulling together. Strong will can so easily develop into self-will; decision can become dogmatism; wit, the salt of conversation, loses its savor when it becomes ill-natured; a faculty for argument is in danger of being mere quarrelsomeness.

The ordinary amenities of life must be preserved among friends. We can never feel very safe with the man whose humor tends to bitter speaking or keen sarcasm, or with the man who flares up into hasty speech at every or no provocation, or with the man who is argumentative and assertive,—

> Who'd rather on a gibbet dangle
> Than miss his dear delight to wrangle.

There are more breaches of the peace among friends through sins of speech, than from any other cause. We do not treat our friends with enough respect. We make the

vulgar mistake of looking upon the common as if it were therefore cheap in nature. We ought rather to treat our friend with a sort of sacred familiarity, as if we appreciated the precious gift his friendship is. . . .

Friendship may lapse through the *misfortune of distance.* Absence does not always make the heart grow fonder. It only does so, when the heart is securely fixed, and when it is a heart worth fixing. More often the other proverb is truer, that it is out of sight out of mind. It is so easy for a man to become self-centred, and to impoverish his affections through sheer neglect. Ties once close get frayed and strained till they break, and we discover that we have said farewell to the past. Some kind of intercourse is needed to maintain friendship. There is a pathos about this gradual drifting away of lives, borne from each other, it sometimes seems, by opposing tides, as if a resistless power separated them,

> And bade betwixt their souls to be
> The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

Our friendship may lapse through the *fault of silence.* The misfortune of distance may be overcome by love, but the fault of silence crushes out feeling as the falling rain kills the kindling beacon. Even the estrangements and misunderstandings which will arise to all could not long remain, where there is a frank and candid interchange of thought. Hearts grow cold toward each other through neglect. There is a suggestive word from the old Scandinavian Edda, "Go often to the house of thy friend; for weeds soon choke up the unused path." It is hard to over-

come again the alienation caused by neglect; for there grows up a sense of resentment and injured feeling.

Among the petty things which wreck friendships, none is so common and so unworthy as money. It is pitiable that it should be so. Thackeray speaks of the remarkable way in which a five-pound note will break up a half-century's attachment between two brethren, and it is a common cynical remark of the world that the way to lose a friend is to lend him money. There is nothing which seems to affect the mind more, and color the very heart's blood, than money. There seems a curse in it sometimes, so potent is it for mischief. Poverty, if it be too oppressive grinding down the face, may often hurt the heart-life; but perhaps oftener still it only reveals what true treasures there are in the wealth of the affections. Whereas, we know what heartburnings, and rivalries, and envyings, are occasioned by this golden apple of discord. Most of the disputes which separate brethren are about the dividing of the inheritance, and it does seem to be the case that few friendships can survive the test of money.

> Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend.

There must be something wrong with the friendship which so breaks down. It ought to be able to stand a severer strain than that. But the inner reason of the failure is often that there has been a moral degeneracy going on, and a weakening of the fibre of character on one side, or on both sides. The particular dispute, whether it be about money or about anything else, is only the occasion which reveals the slackening of the morale. The innate delicacy

and self-respect of the friend who asks the favor may have been damaged through a series of similar importunities, or there may have been a growing hardness of heart and selfishness in the friend who refuses the request. Otherwise, if two are on terms of communion, it is hard to see why the giving or receiving of this service should be any more unworthy than any other help, which friends can grant to each other. True commerce of the heart should make all other needful commerce possible. Communion includes communism. To have things in common does not seem difficult, when there is love in common.

Friendship has also been wrecked by outside means, by the evil of others, through the evil speaking, or the envy, or the whispering tongues that delight in scandal. Some mean natures rejoice in sowing discord, carrying tales with just the slightest turn of a phrase, or even a tone of the voice, which gives a sinister reading to an innocent word or act. Frankness can always prevent such from permanently wrecking friendship. Besides, we should judge no man, still less a trusted friend, by a report of an incident or a hasty word. We should judge our friend, by his record, by what we know of his character. When anything inconsistent with that character comes before our notice, it is only justice to him to at least suspend judgment, and it would be wisdom to refuse to credit it at all.

Hugh Black.

From "Friendship,"
Fleming H. Revell Co.

ON FRIENDSHIP

Grayson, as will be seen from this short extract, prefers the friendship of delightful human association; this genial countryman

would no doubt be puzzled by the aloofness and isolation of Emerson's kind of friendship. Nor would a single friend suffice him as la Boëtie did Montaigne. Montaigne's heart may have beat more intensely; but Grayson's beats more warmly and more widely. Montaigne's kind of friendship is exceptional; David Grayson's is universal.

IT is not the substance of what we say to one another that makes us friends, nor yet the manner of saying it, nor is it what you do or I do, nor is it what I give you, or you give me, nor is it because we chance to belong to the same church, or society or party that makes us friendly. Nor is it because we entertain the same views or respond to the same emotions. All these things may serve to bring us nearer together but no one of them can of itself kindle the divine fire of friendship. A friend is one with whom we are fond of being when no business is afoot nor any entertainment contemplated. A man may well be silent with a friend. "I do not need to ask the wounded person how he feels," says the poet, "I myself became the wounded person." . . .

It is not short of miraculous how, with cultivation, one's capacity for friendship increases. Once I myself had scarcely room in my heart for a single friend, who am now so wealthy in friendships. It is a phenomenon worthy of consideration by all hardened disbelievers in that which is miraculous upon this earth that when a man's heart really opens to a friend he finds there room for two. And when he takes in the second, behold the skies lift, and the earth grows wider, and he finds there room for two more!

David Grayson (Ray Stannard Baker).

From "Adventures in Friendship,"
Doubleday, Page & Company.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES ON FRIENDSHIP

I have a friend—
What matters noon or night
Sunshine or candlelight?
I have a friend,
And he until the end
All friendship's cheer shall send:
The years may take their flight,
He settles all things right;
I have a friend.

John Jarvis Holden.

He who gets and never gives
Will lose the truest friend that lives;
He who gives and never gets
Will sour his friendships with regrets;
Giving and getting, thus alone
A friendship lives—or dies a-moan!

Alexander MacLean.

I would not face the article of death
Alone, nor draw unheard my last faint breath;
But I would rest my closing eyes the while
Upon a dear friend's face, lit by a smile
To lend the promise of a world beyond
Where all are kind as he, and all are fond.

Christopher Bannister.

He laughed derision when his foes
  Against him cast, each man, a stone;
His friend in anger flung a rose—
  And all the city heard him groan.

Anonymous.

Into life's bitter cup true friendship drops
  Balsamic sweets to overpower the gall;
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,
  Both stand together, or together fall.

Anonymous.

Ah, friendship, stronger in thy might
Than time and space, as faith than sight!
Rich festival with thy red wine
My friend and I will keep, in courts divine.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shewn, and a distant voice in the darkness;
So, on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

O friends whose hearts still keep their prime,
  Whose bright example warms and cheers,
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,
  And set to music all his years.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still.

William Shakespeare.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

Oliver Goldsmith.

O summer-friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in our
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity.

Philip Massinger.

What joy is better than the news of friends
Whose memories were a solace to me oft,
As mountain-baths to wild-fowls in their flight?

Robert Browning.

Nor lack I friends long-tried and near and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,
Warm, soft, and golden.—For such gifts to me
What shall I render, O my God, to Thee?

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Was it a friend or foe who spread those lies?
Nay, who but infants question in such wise?
'Twas one of my most intimate enemies.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

A little peaceful home
Bounds all my wants and wishes; add to this
My book and friend, and this is happiness.

Francesco di Rioja.

He who would heartache never know,
He who serene composure treasures,
Must friendship's chequered bliss forego;
Who has no pain has few pleasures.

Martial.

Some tears fell down my cheeks and then I smiled,
As those smile who have no face in the world
To smile back to them. I had lost a friend.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send!
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

Thomas Gray.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

William Cowper.

Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend,
While thou hast wherewith to spend.

William Shakespeare.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

John Keble.

From quiet home and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends.

Anonymous.

The heart that friendship truly warms,
Then marches on with double shield
To guard it through the warring storms
Of struggling life's great battlefield.

Henry Boynton.

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.

Robert Burns.

My friend and I have shared
The cloud and sunshine here; eternity
Will never blight the flower that time hath spared.

Robert Pollok.

So Life's year begins and closes;
Days, though short'ning, still can shine;
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Thomas Moore.

A friend,—it is another name for God,
Whose love inspires all love, is all in all;
Profane it not, lest lowest shame befall.

Lucy Larcom.

If your friend has got a heart,
There is something fine in him;
Cast away his darker part,—
Cling to what's divine in him.

Anonymous.

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet!

William Cowper.

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

John Keble.

Not on the store of sprightly wine,
Nor plenty of delicious meats,
Though generous Nature did design
To court us with perpetual treats;
'Tis not on these we for content depend,
So much as on the shadow of a friend.

Menander.

Old books, old wine, old Nankin blue,
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong—
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best!

Austin Dobson.

Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome as safe, our port from every storm.

Edward Young.

My friend peers in on me with merry
Wise face, and though the sky stay dim,
The very light of day, the very
Sun's self comes in with him.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

May fortune bless you! May the middle distance
Of your young life be pleasant as the foreground—
The joyous foreground! And, when you have reached it,
May that which is now the far-off horizon,
But which will then become the middle distance,
In fruitful promise be exceeded only
By that which will have opened in the meantime
Into a new and glorious horizon!

William S. Gilbert.

Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Communion with the good is friendship's root,
That dieth not until our death;
And on the boughs hang ever golden fruit:—
And this is friendship, the world saith.

Ourselves we doubt, our hearts we hardly know,
We lean for guidance on a friend;
Ay, on a righteous man we'd fain bestow
Our faith, and follow to the end.

Bhartrihari.

There are a thousand nameless ties,
Which only such as feel them know,—
Of kindred thoughts, deep sympathies,
And untold fancy spells, which throw
O'er ardent minds and faithful hearts
A chain whose charmed links so blend
That the light circlet but imparts
Its force in these fond words—my friend.

Mrs. Dinnies.

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our
morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every
fold.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

O traveller, who hast wandered far
'Neath southern sun and northern star,
Say where the fairest regions are?

Friend, underneath whatever skies
Love looks in love-returning eyes,
There are the bowers of Paradise.

Clinton Scollard.

Sweet friends:
Man's love ascends
To finer and diviner ends
Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends.

Sidney Lanier.

I do here entertain a friendship with thee,
Shall drown the memory of all patterns past;
We will oblige by turns; and that so thick,
And fast, that curious studiers of it
Shall not once dare to cast it up, or say
By way of guess, whether thou or I
Remain the debtors, when we come to die.

Sir John Suckling.

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks
of the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dreamed that it was the new City of Friends;
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—
it led the rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that
city,
And in all their looks and words.

Walt Whitman.

A shallow voice said, bitterly, "New friend!"
As if the old alone were true and, born
Of sudden freak, the new deserved but scorn
And deep distrust . . .
. . . The new is older than the old;
And newest friend is oldest friend in this,
That, waiting him, we longest grieved to miss
One thing we sought.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

Turn him, and see his threads; look if he be
Friend to himself who would be friend to thee.
For that is first required, a man be his own;
But he that's too much that is friend to none.
Then rest, and a friend's value understand,
It is a richer purchase than of land.

Ben Jonson.

As feels the port for ships that come and go,
That tarry for a night, and in the day
Spread canvas and steer sailing far away
To other ports of which it may not know,

In unconjectured countries, even so
Man feels for man; nor long may friendship stay;
And little of its joys or its dismay
May any friend's heart to another show.

Philip Bourke Marston.

If Thought unlock her mysteries
  If Friendship on me smile,
I walk in marble galleries,
  I talk with kings the while.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

If you have a friend worth loving,
  Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
  Crown his brow with locks of snow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
  Of a friend till he is dead?

Anonymous.

Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair,
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day; and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.

Robert Pollok.

Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires, in doubt
My oracles; my wings in high pursuits.
Oh! I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours;
Our burning words, that uttered all the soul,
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.

Robert Pollok.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

William Wordsworth.

Friendship! True friendship! pure and undefiled:
There's not a ray that lights the human breast
With hues of brightness 'mid life's shadowed years
More peerless than art thou, amid our fears
Yielding assurance of sustaining rest.

Isabel A. Saxon.

E'en as a traveler, meeting with the shade
Of some o'erhanging tree, awhile reposes,
Then leaves its shelter to pursue his way,
So men meet friends, then part with them forever.

Hitopadesa.

The wisest Moralist that ever dived
Into the depth of Nature's bowels, strived
With the Augur of Experience to bore
Men's hearts so far, till he had found the Ore
Of Friendship, but despairing of his end,
"My Friends," said he, "there is no perfect Friend."

Francis Quarles.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

James Thomas Fields.

Choose your friend wisely,
  Test your friend well;
True friends, like rarest gems,
  Prove hard to tell.
Winter him, summer him,
  Know your friend well.

Anonymous.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and woe.
Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Harriet W. Sewall.

To friends and eke to foes true kindness show;
No kindly heart unkindly deeds will do;
Harshness will alienate a bosom friend,
And kindness reconcile a deadly foe.

Omar Khayyám.

We all have riches manifold
  Within a never-emptied purse—
Unfailing store of friendship's gold
  And silver smiles to disburse.
The more we freely give, behold!
The more our wondrous purses hold!

Oliver Marble.

Of all the gifts a long life brings,
Chiefly for this my spirit sings:
That I have still, world without end,
That best of gifts, a constant friend.

Alexander MacLean.

Times and places new we know,
  Faces fresh and seasons strange;
But the friends of long ago
  Do not change.

Andrew Lang.

Do not save your loving speeches
  For your friends till they are dead;
Do not write them on their tombstones,
  Speak them rather now instead.

Anna Cummins.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
  Oh, why that bliss destroy!
Why urge the only, one request
  You know I will deny!

Your thought, if Love must harbor there,
  Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
  The very friend I sought.

Robert Burns.

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine—
I'm sure that we should differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness—
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me.

Waterbury.

Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

William Shakespeare.

But who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image what new friendship can efface?
Ah! none! A father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;

To all save one is consolation shown,
Where solitary friendship sighs alone.

Lord Byron.

There is a friend that, as the wise man saith,
Cleaves closer than a brother: nor to me
Hath time not shown, through days like waves of strife,
This truth more sure than all things else but death,
This pearl most perfect found in all the sea.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Here's to the heart of friendship tried and true,
That smiles with us when joys our pathways strew,
And kneels with us when sorrow like a pall
Enshrouds our stricken souls, and holds through all
The midnight gloom with human truth and faith.

Anonymous.

I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face
But I think, "One more to welcome me,
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there;
One to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Each closing circle of our sunlit sphere,
Seems to bring heaven more near:
Can we not dream that those we love
Are listening in the world above?
And smiling as they hear
The voices, known so well, of friends that still are dear.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I weep to think of those old faces,
To see them in their grief or mirth;
I weep—for there are empty places
Around my heart's once crowded hearth.

James Russell Lowell.

It must have been his charity,
That tender human heart of his,
That rare unfailing kindliness,
Could make his death seem so amiss.

Bliss Carman.

I have friends in Spirit Land,
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others, but themselves are they,
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

So, when'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

Ludwig Uhland.

It is an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more.

John Gibson Lockhart.

Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

John Langhorne.

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave more dear
Than when life's roseate summer on thy cheek
Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest year,
Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak
Thy feet have reached, and mine have climbed so near!
Close on thy footsteps, 'mid the landscape drear,
I stretch my hand thine answering grasp to seek,
Warm with the love no rippling rhymes can speak!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We who behold our autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;
After the snows no freshening dews descend,
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine will not mend.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Now who will tell me aright
The way my lost companion went in the night?
My vanished comrade who passed from the roofs of men,
And will not come again.

Bliss Carman.

Far better 'twere for either to be mute,
Than for to murder friendship by dispute.

Robert Herrick.

For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state
To mix their holy minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate.

John Dryden.

It may be strange; yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Thomas Campbell.

But other loads than this his own
One man is not well made to bear,
Besides, to each are his own friends,
To mourn with him, and show him care.

Matthew Arnold.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for every friend,
If distance could their union end:
But love itself does far advance
Above the power of time and space,
It scorns such outward circumstance,
His time's forever, everywhere, his place.

Abraham Cowley.

For forty years and better you have been a friend to me,
Through days of sore afflictions and dire adversity,
You allus had a kind word of counsul to impart
Which was like a healin' 'intment to the sorrow of my hart.

James Whitcomb Riley.

There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place;
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Alexander Pope.

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

Thomas Moore.

And though a coat may a button lack,
And though a face be sooty and black,
And though the words be heavy of flow,
And the new-called thoughts come tardy and slow,
And though rough words in a speech may blend,
A heart's a heart, and a friend's a friend.

Will Carleton.

All money's lost that goes
To an evil wife, or foes;
But on a faithful friend
You gain whate'er you spend.

Plautus.

But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Ludwig Uhland.

And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's
Will view thy mind estranged again.

Lord Byron.

But the best is the clasped hands of comrades when night-fall is near.
The best is the rest and the friendship, the calm of the soul,
When the stars are in the heaven and the runner lies down at the goal.

Richard Hovey.

Too true to flatter, and too kind to sneer,
And only just when seemingly severe;
So gently blending courtesy and art,
That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing friendship's heart.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Friendship e'er totters on the brink,
With friends who say just what they think;
They end, who give advice unsought,
In saying what they never thought,

Christopher Bannister.

No more thy friendship soothes to rest
This weary spirit, tempest tossed:
The cares that weigh upon my breast
Are doubly felt since thou art lost.

Charlotte Smith.

Ardent in its earliest tie,
Faithful in its latest sigh,
Love and Friendship, godlike pair,
Find their throne of glory there.

Eliza Cook.

Oh, I have roamed o'er many lands,
And many friends I've met;
Not one fair scene or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget.

Thomas Haynes Bailey.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But oh, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!

Lady Dufferin.

And thou, my friend, whose gentle love,
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words.

Lord Byron.

It may be
That Nature masks in life several copies
Of the same lot, so that the sufferers
May feel another's sorrow as their own,
And find in friendship what they lost in love.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty
Ere I was old.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

How can life be worth living, if devoid
Of the calm trust reposed by friend in friend?
What sweeter joy than in the kindred soul,
Whose converse differs not from self-communion.

Ennius.

Of our mixed life two quests are given control:
Food for the body, friendship for the soul.
High as the spirit hovers o'er its flesh
The second quest is free, serene, and fresh.
O sorrow, that so oft the first betrays
This eager searching of celestial ways!
O bitter sorrow that the first can rise
And pluck his soaring brother from the skies!
And there is joy in musing how there can be
These twain in some lives ruling tranquilly.

Arthur Upson.

A friend's bosom
Is the inmost cave of our own mind,
Where we sit from the wide gaze of day
And from the all-communicating air.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

This is my friend—through good or ill report
My friend. He who injures him by word or deed,
Were it but the thin film of an idle breath
Clouding the clear glass of a stainless soul,
He injures me.

Richard Hovey.

So, if I live or die to serve my friend,
'Tis for my love—'tis for my friend alone,
And not for any rate that friendship bears
In heaven or on earth.

George Eliot.

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul serene,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.

Alexander Pope.

But he that loves to be loved,
And in his deeds doth adore Heaven's power,
And is with pity moved;
The night gives rest to his heart,
The cheerful beams do awake his soul,
Revived in every part.
He lives a comfort to his friends,
And Heaven to him such blessing sends.

Thomas Campion.

Some liken their love to the beautiful rose,
And some to the violet, sweet in the shade;
But the Flower Queen dies when the summer day goes,
And the blue eye shuts when the spring blossoms fade!
So we'll choose for our emblem a sturdier thing,
We'll go to the mountain and worship its tree;
With a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King—
Like that Evergreen so may our friendship be.

Eliza Cook.

Let thy soul strive that still the same
Be early friendship's sacred flame.
The affinities have strongest part
In youth, and draw men heart to heart.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

He who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy
Will meet him everywhere.

Ali Ben Abu Taheb.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between two hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.

Thomas Moore.

How sweet 'tis to listen when someone may tell
Of the friend that we love and remember so well,
While 'midst the soft pleasure we wonder if thus
The friend so beloved ever thinks upon us;
While the eye with the dew of affection may glisten
How sweet to the praise of the loved one to listen.

Samuel Lover.

Love all, trust few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than in use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key.

William Shakespeare.

Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker deeds objecting,
Than th' obsequious bosom guest, with false respect affecting,
Friendship is the Glass of Truth, our hidden stains detecting.

Thomas Campion.

What makes a friend? The heart that glows
With changeless love in Arctic snows,
Nor fails to cheer 'mid desert sand.
This plainer speaks than clasp of hand:
Hands may be firmly clasped by foes.

Volney Streamer.

The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfills great Nature's plan,
And none but he.

Robert Burns.

Love springs to love, and knows at once his friends.
The man who hates must cast contentment forth;
Who has not worth or friends is nothing worth.

Alain Chartier.

Dear is my friend,—yet from my foe as from my friend, comes good;
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe what I should.

Schiller.

Open to me thy heart of heart's deep core,
Or never say that I am dear to thee;
Call me not Friend, if thou keep close the door
That leads into thine inmost sympathy.

James Russell Lowell.

May none whom I love to so great riches rise
As to slight their acquaintance and their old friends despise;
So low or so high may none of them be
As to move either pity or envy in me.

Walter Pope.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from *the Candid Friend!*

George Channing.

Everyone that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind:
Faithful friends are hard to find.

Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

Robert Barneville.

The friendly raindrops lend their aid
To every blade of grass;
The flowers in all the fields are swayed
Where friendly breezes pass.
The brook that glides along the glade
Sings many a friendly air;
'Tis endless friendship that has made
The splendid world so fair.

S. E. Kiser.

"I would go up to the gates of hell with a friend,
Through thick and thin."
The other said, as he bit off a concha end,
"I would go in."

John Ernest McCann.

Ho, brother, it's the handclasp and the good word and the smile
That do the most and help the most to make the world worth while!
It's all of us together, or it's only you and I—
A ringing song of friendship, and the heart beats high;
A ringing song of friendship, and a word or two of cheer,
Then all the world is gladder and the bending sky is clear.
It's you and I together—and we're brothers one and all
Whenever through good fellowship we hear the subtle call,

Whenever in the ruck of things we grip the helping hand
Or see the deeper glow that none but we may understand—
Then all the world is good to us, and all is worth the while;
Ho, brother, it's the handclasp and the good word and the smile.

Wilbur Dick Nesbit.

Here around the ingle bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free;
Tho' the northern wind blaws freezing,
Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

Robert Burns.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth;
Though planted in esteem's deep fixèd soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.

Joanna Baillie.

God never loved me in so sweet a way before;
'Tis he alone who can such blessings send;
And when his love would new expression find,
He brought thee to me, and said, "Behold a friend!"

Anonymous.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But like the winter's icy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.

Anonymous.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship—who depend
On many rarely find a friend.

John Gay.

The daylight is gone, but before we depart,
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
The kindest, the dearest—oh, judge by the tear
I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear.

Thomas Moore.

Of all Life's golden treasures,
But one doth rank above
The priceless prize of Friendship—
And that we name as Love.

Anonymous.

As the great sun upon a summer day,
As the white moon athwart the breast of night,
So doth a true friend stand upon Life's way,
So brings he gifts of gladness and of light.

Drew.

Heigho, the friend I used to know!
Heigho, the friend I know no more!
By wind and dale I fare,
Nor ever find his open door.

Heigho, the friend I used to know!
Heigho, the friend I soon shall see!
For if I wander far enough,
I know that he will welcome me.

Berchall.

Who knows the joys of friendship?
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys where each is glad for both?
Friendship, our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,
Secure against ill fortune and the world.

Nicholas Rowe.

Even as the tempest yields to calm,
So sorrow yields to friendship's balm;
The cure for all this world's distress
Is found in simple friendliness.

John Jarvis Holden.

To stand by one's friends to the uttermost end,
And fight a fair fight with one's foe;
Never to quit and never to twit,
And never to peddle one's woe.

Chandler.

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever—
And it well may be for a day and night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),

A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

Richard Hovey.

Love, a plant of fragile form,
Fired by ardent suns to birth,
Shrinks before the whelming storm,
Withering, dies and sinks to earth.

Friendship, like a nobler river,
Rolls its stately waters by;
Tempest tossed and troubled never,
Gliding to eternity.

Henry George Bohn.

I never crossed your threshold with a grief
But that I went without it; never came
Heart-hungry but you fed me, eased the blame,
And gave the sorrow solace and relief.

Anonymous.

I shall go on when my friends, for me, have said it is impossible.
I shall be buoyant and hopeful when my friends, for me, are in despair.
I shall fight on and conquer when my friends, for me, have laid down and died.

Strode.

God put us all upon this earth
That we might serve His ends,
And then, to give the world some worth,
He made some of us friends.

Anonymous.

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load:
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live,—
God make me worthy of my friends!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

From the day when first we start,
Each in life to play his part,
Till we reach that perfect peace
Where all toil and care shall cease,
Fate can nothing better send
Than a true and loyal friend.

Julius Steger.

I've turned it in my thoughts in various shapes,
And this is the result—a friend who is
A friend, such as the name imports, the gods except, nothing excels.

Plautus.

Forever mine, my friend,
From June to life's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
But to pray for and remember.

Clemmer.

It often goes (as here it erst befell)
That mortal foes do change to faithful friends,
And friends professed are changed to foemen fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends:
For enmity, that of no ill proceeds
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dies like ill grounded seeds.

Edmund Spenser.

Friends my soul with joy remembers,—
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearthstone of my heart.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Oh, my friends, it would be better
If to those we love we gave
Tender words while they are with us,
Than to say them o'er a grave!
Loving words will cost us little
As along through life we go;
Let us then, make others happy,
If you love them, tell them so.

Margaret Deland.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So, through Life's desert springing sweet,
The flower of friendship grows.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

More precious far than gold refined
Is friendship, knit with heart and mind;
Gold may go its fickle way,
But friendship, tried, will ever stay.

Anonymous.

A truce, a truce to questioning;
"We two are friends," tells everything,
Yet if you must know, this is why;
Because he is he and I am I.

Lucas.

Alas, alas, doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship,—love,—shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?
Oh! if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a heaven
Where all we love shall live again.

Thomas Moore.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift.
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

Howard Arnold Walter.

I only want a chosen few
Who've stood through good and evil too—
True friendship's test—
Who only strove to find the good,
And then as only true friends could—
Forgave the rest.

Anonymous.

I have sped o'er many miles of land and sea, and mingled with much people,
But never yet have found a spot unsunned by human kindness,
Some more and some less, but all can claim a little.
And a man may travel through the world and sow it thick with friendship.

Tupper.

When I remember them, those friends of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble three,
Who half my life were more than friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them, and made us see
The archetypal man, and what might be
The amplitude of Nature's first design.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

How many million friends there are whose lot
Keeps them outside my path for life's short while!
But through the distance and the dark I smile;
For I can love them though I see them not.

Robert Beverly Hale.

There is no treasure the which may be compared unto a faithful friend,
Gold soon decayeth, and worldly wealth consumeth and wasteth in the wind.
But love, once planted in a perfect and pure mind, endureth weal or woe,
The frowns of fortune, come they never so unkind, cannot the same overthrow.

The Roxburgh Ballads.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honor and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least thought or spot of blame.

George Herbert.

I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.

Jonathan Swift.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
Being ofttimes of different tongues and nations,
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.
Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

They who love best need friendship most;
Hearts only thrive on varied good;
And he who gathers from a host
Of friendly hearts his daily food
Is the best friend that we can boast.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

Friendship is power and riches all to me;
Friendship's another element of life;
Water and fire not of more general use,
To the support and comfort of the world,
Than friendship to the being of my joy.
I would do everything to serve a friend.

Southern.

How bless'd the heart that has a friend
A sympathizing ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother!
For as ale and porter, when flat, are restor'd
Till a sparkling, bubbling bead they afford,
So sorrow is cheered by being pour'd
From one vessel into another.

Thomas Hood.

As we meet and touch, each day,
The many travelers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry;

The contact of the soil and seed,
Each giving to the other's need,
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing, each, as well as blest.

Susan Coolidge.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Many there be who call themselves our friends;
Yet, ah! if heaven sends
One, only one, so mated to our soul,
To make our half a whole,
Rich beyond price are we.

Anonymous.

Not merely for this world below
Does friendship's cord entwine,
But in the future we shall know
Its value more divine.
The friendship which we cherished here,
With plighted heart and hand,
God's angels give it honor there —
There is its native land.

Anonymous

Say not of thy friend departed,
"He is dead":—he is but grown
Larger-souled and deeper-hearted,
Blossoming into skies unknown.

All the air of earth is sweeter
For his being's full release;
And thine own life is completer
For his conquest and his peace.

Lucy Larcom.

When you go away, my friend,
When you say your last good-by,
Then the summer time will end,
And the winter will be nigh.
Though the green grass decks the heather
And the birds sing all the day,
There will be no summer weather
After you have gone away.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Your friendship is sun, moon, and star,
Rejoicing day and cheering night.
In winter is the sun less bright?
Then star and moon the brighter are.

Oliver Marble.

There are no friends like the old friends
And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them,
As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
Though born of kindred mold;
We love, we trust the new ones—
We treasure most the old.

David Banks Sickles.

Give me a friend with whom to spend
Life's golden hours in gladness,
A comrade who remaineth true
Alike in joy or sadness,
A little bread, a roof, a bed,
And each new morn a blessing,
Is all I ask from week to week:
These wants I come confessing.

Francis Chambers.

There is a destiny that makes us brothers,
None goes his way alone;
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

Edwin Markham.

Here's to the heart of friendship, tried and true,
That smiles with us when joys our pathway strew,
And kneels with us when sorrow like a pall
Enshrouds our stricken souls, then smiles through all
The midnight gloom with more than human faith.

McKown.

Oh! if we owe warm thanks to Heaven, 'tis when
In the slow progress of the struggling years
Our touch is blest to feel the pulse of men
Who walk in light and love above their peers,
White-robed, and forward point with guiding hand,
Breathing a heaven around them where they stand.

J. S. Blackie.

Friendship is a chain of gold
Shaped in God's all perfect mold,
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,
A grip of the hand, a word of cheer.
As steadfast as the ages roll
Binding closer soul to soul;
No matter how far, or heavy the load—
Sweet is the journey on Friendship's road.

J. B. Downie.

Ah, friends! before my listening ear lies low,
While I can hear and understand, bestow
That gentle treatment and fond love, I pray,
The luster of whose late, though radiant ray
Would gild my grave with mocking light, I know,
If I should die.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Oh! as we prove the life-boat, so we often prove a friend;
And those who promise least of all, are truest in the end.
No figure-head of gold and red may mark them as they go;
But how their honest planks will stand when trouble-tempests blow.
They may not dance around us on the broad and sunlit tide,
But 'twixt the gale and dark lee-shore we find them close beside,
A cheer, then, for the noble breast that fears not danger's post:
And, like the life-boat, proves a friend, when friends are wanted most.

Eliza Cook.

A lifelong friendship cast thou not aside!
Ages may pass before the ruby's pride
A stone takes on; an instant is enough
To spoil the jewel that the years defied.

Saadi.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's table eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BRUTUS. A word, Lucilius:
How he [Cassius] received you let me be resolved.
LUCILIUS. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
BRUTUS. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling.

William Shakespeare.

He who serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

William Shakespeare.

Were all thy fond endeavors vain
To chase away the sufferer's smart,
Still hover near, lest absence pain
His lonely heart.

For friendship's tones have kindlier power
Than odorous fruit, or nectared bowl,
To soothe, in sorrow's languid hour,
The sinking soul.

Saadi.

I had a garden where for sunless days
And many starless nights, the dusky ways
Were weed-o'ergrown and silent. There I heard
No voice of love low calling to its own,
And found nor joy nor beauty; but alone
I lived, till through the silence like a bird
Full-throated, came the music of a friend.

Louis V. Ledoux.

The name of friendship is sacred; What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Friendship, when once determined, never swerves,
Weighs ere it trusts, but weighs not ere it serves.

Hannah More.

Count not that day, whatever else befall,
That has not heard the voice of friendship call
To something higher than this world's rough ways
With lips of kindness or with words of praise.

Christopher Bannist

Love is a sudden blaze, which soon decays;
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame;
It still is giving, and still burns the same.

John Gay.

A score of loves a man may have,
  Two score of lovers she,
And all may pass, as on a wave
  Foam bubbles one may see;
For all that lasts, for boy or bride,
  Until these brief hours end,
Lies deeper than the inconstant tide
  In hearts that call us friend.

Alexander MacLean.

A friendly word, a friendly glance,
  A friendly deed, a friendly gift—
And even the sorriest heart will dance
  And the weariest eyes uplift.

John Jarvis Holden.

The face of a friend! How it shines in the darkness
  That often assails us! How preciously near
It seems, when the trial of long, long denial
  Has made the sweet blessing unspeakably dear!

The heart is consoled, and is lonely no longer,
Its terrors and tremors are all at an end,
And the way that was dreary becomes bright and cheery,
Illumined at once by the face of a friend.

Anonymous.

Thy friend will come to thee unsought,
With nothing can his love be bought,
His soul thine own will know at sight,
With him thy heart can speak outright.
Greet him nobly, love him well,
Show him where your best thoughts dwell,
Trust him greatly and for aye;
A true friend comes but once your way.

Anonymous.

There are bright gold suns in worlds above,
And blazing gems in worlds below.
Our world has love, and only love,
For living warmth and jewel glow;
God's love is sunlight to the good,
And woman's pure as diamond sheen,
And friendship's mystic brotherhood
In twilight beauty lies between.

Richard Monckton Milnes.

Hearts only thrive on varied good;
And he who gathers from a host
Of friendly hearts his daily food,
Is the best friend that we can boast.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

All that this world knows of living
Lies in giving—and more giving;
He who keeps, be sure he loses—
Friendship grows by what it uses.

Alexander MacLean.

In friendship lies the joy superlative,
And nearest heaven. We touch God's hand whene'er
We clasp a friend's.

Olive Tilford Dargan.

So walking here, in twilight, O my friends!
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core,
First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

Edward Young.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

Thomas Moore.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
To him as his to me.

John Quincy Adams.

But as I found you true at first, I find you true at last;
And now the time's acomin' mighty nigh our journey's end,
I want to throw open all my soul to you, my friend.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Nor unremembered is the hour when friends
Met; friends but few on earth, and therefore dear.
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain:
Yet always sought; so native to the heart,
So much desired, and coveted by all.

Robert Pollok.

Give me strong new friends, when the old prove weak,
Or fail in my darkest hour of need;
Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,
Or lean upon a reed?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists; it calls for two;
Rich fruit! heav'n-planted! never pluck'd by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.

Edward Young.

When I remember the time we met,
I pause for a little, and give God praise,
That He, of His grace, in my life has set
That gladdest, goldenest day of my days.

Anonymous.

No pleasure certainly is so divine
As when two souls in one combine.
He has the substance of all bliss
To whom a virtuous friend is given:
So sweet harmonious friendship is,
Add but eternity, you'll make it heaven.

John Norris.

Reserve or censure come not near
Our sacred friendship, lest there be
No solace left for thee and me.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

However the way may twist and bend,
Let me, oh Lord, unto the end
Be ever a true and faithful friend.

Anonymous.

Friends are in life's exchange the sterling coin,
True tender for the rarest forms of joy;
The only pauper is the friendless man.

Anonymous.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double
And into halves divides our trouble.

John Denham.

Such is the use and noble end of friendship,
To bear a part in every storm of fate,
And, by dividing, make the lighter weight.

Higgins.

Friends ever are provisionally friends—
Friends for so far—Friends just to such a point,
And then "farewell!" friends with an understanding—
As "should the road be pretty safe"—"the sea
Not over rough," and so on—friends of *ifs*
And *buts*—no friends! Oh, could I find the man
Would be a simple, thorough-going friend!

J. S. Knowles.

Ain't it funny that some folks you can't miss,
An' some folks you jus' miss a pile?
An' the folks that you can't miss you see lots,
An' the other folks,—once in awhile.

Carrie Jacobs Bond.

As some worn pilgrim tells his beads
I count to-day my little store

That is sufficient for my needs;
But deep within my being's core
There is a truer thankfulness,
For, of the good that life may send
My days to brighten and to bless,
I count you always as my friend.

Wilbur Dick Nesbit.

Friendship! First treasure of the breast,
Strong as the stamp on iron prest,
Changeless by trial, time, or shore,
And firmer still as cools the ore!
Within the earth's deluding round,
How art thou sought, how art thou found?

Not swifter on the eye decays
The meteor of the evening haze,
The morning coronet of dew
That bends the harebell's tender blue,
Not swifter fades the rose's sigh,
Than Earth, thy friendship is gone by.

Wilton.

Constant and solid, whom no storms can shake,
Nor death unfix, a right friend ought to be;
And if condemned to survive, doth make
No second choice, but grief and memory.
But friendship's best fate is, when it can spend
A life, a fortune, all to serve a friend.

Katharine Philips.

Not Wealth for me: she does us double wrong:
She flits herself and takes our friends along.
But Poverty ever shows a nobler heart:
She sticks to us when all our friends depart.

Edwin Markham.

The world goes by.
We still have each other, my friend and I,
We yet have each other, on sea or shore,
Can mortal desire a joy the more?

Margaret Sangster.

We are all travelers that throng
A thorny road together,
And if some pilgrim not so strong
As I, but footsore, do me wrong,
I'll make excuse—the way is long,
And stormy is the weather.

Fitz Hugh Ludlow.

Thick waters show no image of things;
Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
And free from clouds, design, or flattery.
For vulgar souls no part of friendship share;
Poets and friends are born to what they are.

Katharine Philips.

Must the rose be stripped of leaf
When the waning June has passed?

Shall an autumn voice its grief
In the lone November blast?
What of that?—a friend will last.

McCaffey.

Some sing their songs of woman's love,
Of war, and wine, and treasure-trove;
May Heaven their ways amend!
But one thing most of all the earth
Will serve us best in grief or mirth,
A talisman of priceless worth,
A loyal friend.

Harold Boulton.

Friendship's an abstract of all noble flame,
'Tis love refined and purged from all its dross.
The next to angel's love, if not the same,
As strong as passion is, though not so gross.

Katharine Philips.

One friend in that path shall be,
To secure my step from wrong;
One to count night, day for me,
Patient through the watches long,
Serving most with none to see.

Robert Browning.

Where true love bestows its sweetness,
Where true friendship lays its hand,
Dwells all greatness, all completeness,
All the wealth of every land.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

When true friends meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower.
A watery way an instant seen,
The darkly closing clouds between.

Sir Walter Scott.

Essential honor must be in a friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not sin, though sure that none should know.
Where friendship's spoke, honesty's understood:
For none can be a friend that is not good.

Katharine Philips.

Time keeps no measure when true friends are parted,
No record day by day;
The sands move not for those who, loyal-hearted,
Friendship's firm laws obey.

Meredith Nicholson.

Whoever undertakes a friend's great part
Should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,
Prepared for martyrdom, and strong to prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine love.

William Cowper.

For me no blessing in the power of fate
Can be compared, in sanity of mind,
To friends of rich companionable kind.

Horace.

The earth to the songs of the poet
  Resounds in a deathless tune,
Though hearts be upon or below it—
  Though the Winter be here or the June.
Of the numberless songs that are ringing,
  Let the cadence of one song flow
For the Aprils fled and the living and dead—
  The friends of the Long Ago.

William T. Hale.

His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself a judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.

Alfred Tennyson.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd of me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labors of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please.

Robert Blair.

I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase

Some form of loveliness, that smiles and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened,—confused,—
Not knowing friend from foe.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

From irrepressible thoughts forboding ill,
I turn to thee as to a heaven apart—
Oh! not apart, not distant, near me ever,
So near my soul that nothing can thee sever!
How shall I fear, knowing there is for me
A city of refuge, builded pleasantly
Within the silent places of the heart?

Arthur Henry Hallam.

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

William Shakespeare.

Life hath no joy like his who fights with Fate
Shoulder to shoulder with a stricken friend.

Watts-Dunton.

Our friends interpret the world and ourselves to us if we take them tenderly and truly.

A. Bronson Olcott.

When men are friends, there is no need of justice; but when they are just, they still need friendship.

Aristotle.

Friendship is a thing most necessary to life, since without friends no one would choose to live though possessed of all other advantages.

Aristotle.

If our friends are badly chosen, they will inevitably drag us down; if well, they will raise us up.

Lord Avebury.

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age that age appears to be best in four things: old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.

Francis Bacon.

Every man should have a fair sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.

Henry Ward Beecher.

To bury a friendship is a keener grief than to bury a friend.

Hugh Black.

Our friends see the best in us, and by that very fact call forth the best from us.

Hugh Black.

I wish my deadly foe no worse
Than want of friends and empty purse.

Nicholas Breton.

I am sure that our friends must be more and not less to us in the other world, and that this world only begins friendship.

Phillips Brooks.

I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God.

Sir Thomas Browne.

What a thing friendship is, world without end!

Robert Browning.

There is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship in a world where friendship is so rare.

Bulwer-Lytton.

How were Friendship possible? In mutual devotedness to the Good and True; otherwise impossible; except as Armed Neutrality, or hollow Commercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of being and doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.

Thomas Carlyle.

The attempt to make one false impression on the mind of a friend respecting ourselves is of the nature of perfidy.

William Ellery Channing.

Keep well thy tongue and keep thy friends.

Chaucer.

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

C. C. Colton.

To contract ties of friendship with any one is to contract friendship with his virtue; there ought not to be any other motive in friendship.

Confucius.

Friendship that flows from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity, as the water that flows from the spring cannot congeal in winter.

James Fenimore Cooper.

A man's friendships are one of the best measures of his worth.

Charles Darwin.

Who talks of a common friendship? There is no such thing in the world. On earth no word is more sublime.

Henry Drummond.

An old friendship is like an old piece of china. It is precious only just so long as it is perfect. Once it is broken, no matter how cleverly you mend it, it is good for nothing but to put on a shelf in a corner where it won't be too closely looked at.

Amelia B. Edwards.

He does good to himself, who does good to his friend.

Erasmus.

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be loved of many friends.

Euripides.

Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.

Benjamin Franklin.

A benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

Benjamin Franklin.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

Benjamin Franklin.

It is well that there is no one without a fault, for he would not have a friend in the world.

William Hazlitt.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

One ought never to speak of the faults of one's friends; it mutilates them; they can never be the same afterwards.

William Dean Howells.

There is nothing quite so hygienic as friendship; to love and be loved means—even pulse, clear eyes, good digestion, sound sleep—success.

Elbert Hubbard.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but, above all, the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.

Thomas Hughes.

My coat and I live comfortably together. It has assumed all my wrinkles, does not hurt me anywhere, has moulded itself on my deformities, and is complacent to all my movements, and I only feel its presence because it keeps me warm. Old coats and old friends are the same thing.

Victor Hugo.

We were friends from the first moment. Sincere attachments usually begin at the beginning.

Joseph Jefferson.

Friendship is precious, not only in the shade, but in the sunshine of life; and thanks to a benevolent arrangement of things, the greater part of life is sunshine.

Thomas Jefferson.

The dissolutions of personal friendship are among the most painful occurrences in human life.

Thomas Jefferson.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.

St. John.

If a man does not make new friendships as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

Samuel Johnson.

In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is the want? It is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? A friend.

Walter Savage Landor.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one.

Robert E. Lee.

I don't meddle with what my friends believe or reject, any more than I ask whether they are rich or poor. I love *them.*

James Russell Lowell.

Friends are like melons; shall I tell you why?
To find one good you must a hundred try.

Claude Mermet.

A faithful friend is a true image of the Deity.

Napoleon.

A friend is more necessary than either fire or water.

Old Saying.

As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity.

Ovid.

Suspicion is the bane of friendship.

Petrarch.

Fate, which has ordained that there shall be no friendship among the evil, has also ordained that there shall ever be friendship among the good.

Plato.

Grieve not at doing well to friends,
But rather, if thou hast not, grieve.

Plautus.

Friendship's true laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Alexander Pope.

To preserve a friend three things are necessary: to honor him present, praise him absent, and assist him in his necessities.

Proverb from the Italian.

Who seeks a friend without a fault remains without one.

Proverb from the Turkish.

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.

Proverbs.

Forsake not an old friend; for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

Proverbs.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

Proverbs.

Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart: so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel.

Proverbs.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Proverbs.

Friendship, one soul in two bodies.

Pythagoras.

There is nothing more becoming any wise man than to make choice of friends; for by them thou shalt be judged what thou art.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Nothing makes so much impression on the heart of man as the voice of friendship when it is really known to be such; for we are aware that it never speaks to us except for our advantage.

Rousseau.

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

Saadi.

To Mrs. Browning's question as to what was the secret of his life, Charles Kingsley replied, "I had a friend."

Selected.

What spectre can the charnel send,
So dreadful as an injured friend?

Sir Walter Scott.

The only rose without thorns is friendship.

Madeleine de Scudéry.

After friendship it is confidence; before friendship it is judgment.

Seneca.

The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one.

Seneca.

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends.

William Shakespeare.

Keep thy friend under thine own life's key.

William Shakespeare.

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs one.

William Shakespeare.

There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Few people give themselves time to be friends.

Robert Southey.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Something like home that is not home is to be desired; it is found in the house of a friend.

Sir William Temple.

A friend is a fellow who knows all about you, but likes you.

Ten-year-old Schoolboy's Definition.

Under the magnetism of friendship the modest man becomes bold; the shy, confident; the lazy, active; or the impetuous, prudent and peaceful.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

The holy passion of Friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.

Mark Twain.

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.

George Washington.

Love, to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe,
Needs friendship's solid masonry below.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Anybody can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend's success.

Oscar Wilde.

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

Edward Young.

Fate ordains that the dearest friends must part.

Edward Young.

THE END

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